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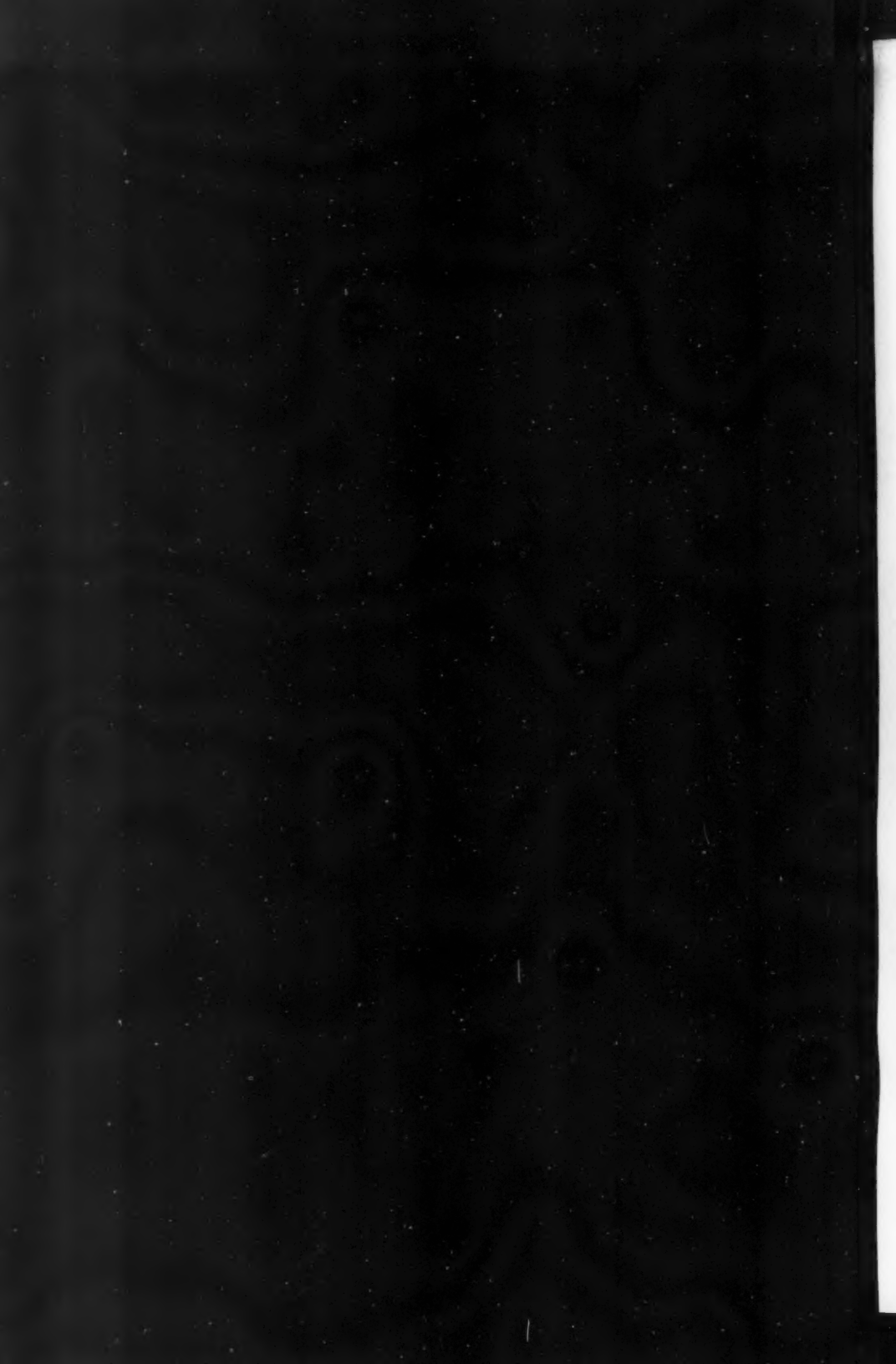
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# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Sixth Series,  
Volume X. }

No. 2705.—May 9, 1896.

{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CCIX.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

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Single copies of the LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

## A PRESENCE.

I have been wandering through mid-summer ways,  
Which years ago I trod  
With one who vanished in life's misty maze,  
But now is safe with God.

'Twixt then and now my history has been writ.

A tale of love and grief;  
His name has played no part at all in it  
Beyond its opening leaf.

Yet had my story had a different scene,  
But for that day in June:  
Whatever music in my life has been,  
'Twas he who set the tune.

For standing here—just midway o'er the stream,  
Some quiet words he spoke  
Which o'er me thrilled, like music in a dream,  
And here my soul awoke!

If in the silent years that swiftly flew  
The memory grew dim,  
Still those I loved the dearest always knew  
They owed my best to him.

And now retreading these mid-summer ways  
There comes no thought of pain;  
A presence, knowing nought of years or days,  
Walks by my side again.  
Argosy. ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

## IN MEMORIAM—TOM HUGHES.

Close up, close up, as the ranks grow thin,  
As the daylight deepens, the sun goes down!  
Though faint and bleeding, too few to win,  
We may help others to wear the crown.

Ah, fatal shot! Did ye mark that fall?  
'Twas he, O brothers, strong heart, true brain;

And a splendid fighter; his breezy call  
Rang forth, and the world grew young again;

With the boys at battle, the boys at play,  
In the old school-close, 'neath the old school-bell,

And the great old master, who led the fray,  
With the earnest brow, and the sacred spell:

All fighters, all—and there's one more gone,  
With his gallant bearing, his lofty crest;  
And we must not stay, for the fight goes on;  
This world is for fighting, the next for rest.

So, just one look as we pass him by!  
And just one tear as we turn the sod!  
And a star the less in a darkened sky!  
And a prayer as we leave his soul with God!

Then close up closer! yet nearer stand,  
As in those schooldays that he loved so well,  
And fill up the gap, a united band,  
And step in the place where a comrade fell!

And onward still with your faces set  
To the sunbright thought of a younger day!  
For a soul is alive in the old world yet,  
And a spirit astir in its bonds of clay.

And all together! Ye shall not fail—  
To doubt were coward, to halt were crime—

With God and with man to uplift the veil,  
And win out light from the glooms of time.

Spectator.

A. G. B.

## DAY DREAMS.

Who can guess or read the spirit,  
Shrined within her eyes,  
Part a longing, part a languor,  
Part a mere surprise,  
While slow mists do rise and rise?

Is it love she looks and longs for,  
Is it rest or peace?  
Is it slumber, self-forgetful  
In its utter ease?  
Is it one or all of these?

So she sits and doth not answer  
With her dreaming eyes,  
With her languid look delicious,  
Almost paradise,  
Less than happy, overwise.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

From The National Review.  
SLATIN PASHA AND THE SUDAN.<sup>1</sup>

BY CAPTAIN F. D. LUGARD.

It is related that, at the beginning of the fourteenth century, two brothers from Tunis settled in Darfur, and that their tribesmen and descendants soon replaced the Tago dynasty, and brought in that of the Tungurs from Bornu and Wadai. Early in the seventeenth century, the kings of Darfur had conquered all Kordofan, crossed the Nile, and extended their power to the Atbara, though the Fungs succeeded before long in driving them back to the Nile. At the beginning of the present century, Abderrahman founded El Fasher, the capital of Darfur, while Mohamed el Fadl subdued the Rizigat Arabs, an offshoot of the Baggaras from the far west, who had established themselves on the southern frontier for three or four centuries. Not all the reckless bravery of the Furs, however, could enable them to hold Kordofan against the rifles of the Turks, and Mohammed Bey Dafterdar annexed it in 1822. By the middle of the century a great trade had sprung up with Egypt and Turkey, with whom slaves were exchanged for fine cloths and other imports. Merchants took up their residence in the Soudan, and one amongst them, Zubeir, was soon to create for himself a name "famous infamous in every land." Beginning as a small trader, Zubeir purchased arms and drilled levies, until his iron will, his courage and intellect, had won for him the whole of the Bahr el Ghazal province. Having killed Bilali, Zubeir was appointed governor of the Bahr el Ghazal by the Egyptian government, and under the sanction and patronage of the khedive he marched against Darfur in 1873. The Rizigat Arabs, who had been well-nigh exterminated by the Furs, had again grown power-

ful. These people occupied the wild country which lay between the south frontiers of Darfur and the northern Bahr el Ghazal, and they played an important part in the history of the Sudan.

The bulk of the tribe stood aloof when Zubeir marched on Darfur, but by the aid of some of their chiefs he reached Shakka; and after the battle which proved so disastrous to the sultan of Darfur, they joined him in the pursuit. Zubeir was soon master of the country—a result hastened by the folly of Ibrahim, the last of the kings of Darfur, who, in a passion, fired on his own forces—while the Bahr el Ghazal already owned his influence. To be a merchant in those times was to be a slave-dealer, and Zubeir, of course, was the type of his class. He was now at the height of his power; but a quarrel with Ismail Pasha, governor of the Sudan, resulted in their both being sent for and detained in Cairo, and Suleiman, Zubeir's son, reigned in his stead.

Discontent at the extortion and the oppression of Egyptian officials soon drove the Furs into rebellion, and Suleiman, exasperated at his father's unfair detention in Egypt, and at the restrictions placed on the slave-trade, sympathized with them. Their arms were attended by some temporary success, and they captured several towns and besieged others, but were in the end defeated by the government troops. Suleiman, however, still commanded large forces in Darfur, as well as in the Bahr el Ghazal, and he fought long and desperately against Gessi Pasha in the latter province.

It was at this time (June, 1878) that Gordon, having succeeded Ismail Pasha as governor of the Sudan, arrived in Darfur, and by prompt and fearless action managed to suppress the rebellion. Gessi undertook a fresh campaign against Suleiman in the Bahr el Ghazal, which, after many desperate battles, resulted in the complete overthrow and surrender of the latter. Suleiman and all his officers were shot, with the exception of Rabeh, who, collecting the remnants of Zubeir's army,

<sup>1</sup> "Fire and Sword in the Soudan. A Personal Narrative of Fighting and Serving the Dervishes, 1879-1895." By Rudolph C. Slatin Pasha, C.B. Translated by Major F. R. Wingate, C.B., etc. Edward Arnold, London, 1896, one vol., price 21s. net.

marched westwards beyond the confines of the Egyptian Sudan.

Gordon appointed Slatin as mudir of southern Darfur. This young Austrian officer had first gained an acquaintance with the Sudan by exploring Kordofan in 1874. Returning to Austria, he was engaged in the Bosnian campaign, on the completion of which he accepted an offer from Gordon of employment in Africa; and in January, 1879, took up the duties of financial inspector in the Sudan, which consisted in examining into the complaints of natives regarding taxes, etc. He reported the existence of wholesale bribery and extortion; and after a few months resigned his post in disgust, and was transferred as Mudir to Darfur in July. Gessi's final defeat of Suleiman was simultaneous with Slatin's arrival in Darfur. The new mudir found a fresh rebellion in his province under Harun, the representative of the old kings of Darfur, against whom he conducted a campaign. During the course of these operations Slatin introduced the innovation of paying for the supplies furnished by villagers to his forces, and of releasing the women and children captured. Harun was eventually defeated and killed in 1880, while Slatin himself had a narrow escape of his life. He had now time to devote himself to the rectification of the gross abuses under which the people had groaned. Having procured a list of the villages in his Mudirate, with an estimate of their population, he reassessed the taxation on a fair basis, and effected a salutary reform by carrying out Gordon's orders with respect to the Gellalas and merchants. These people, whose nefarious dealing had made them a curse to the country, had been treated in a somewhat drastic manner by Gordon, and had preferred lying complaints to Rauf Pasha, who had succeeded him as governor of the Sudan. The adjustment of the case as between them and the people of the province involved an exhaustive enquiry and redress. Early in 1881 Slatin left for Khartoum, where he met the heroic Gessi, governor of the Bahr el

Ghazal, who had been for a year blocked in the Nile "Suds," and reduced to the verge of starvation. Poor Gessi died soon after, while Slatin, in April, 1881, returned to Darfur as governor of the province. During the rest of the year he was busied in effecting reforms in his province. Nur Angara and other officials, who were convicted of gross malpractices, were discharged. The system of receiving presents from chiefs was discontinued. A tour through the northern districts of the province was undertaken with most useful results, and finally a threatened conflict with the Bedeyat Arabs was averted, their grievances redressed, and the tribe converted to loyal supporters of the government. On the return of the governor to his southern capital at Dara, the rumors he had already heard, when on his way north, of a religious rising under a so-called "Mahdi," were confirmed, and he found himself confronted by a conflagration, which daily gathered in force and intensity.

The outlines of the early history of "the Mahdist rising" have long been known from the accounts of Glegler Pasha and many others, but no such detailed information as is given by Slatin has hitherto been available regarding both the history of the Mahdi himself, and the steps by which his influence permeated the Sudan. A man of deeply religious tendencies, the son of a fiki, educated under the most notable religious teachers of his time, Mohammed Ahmed led the life of a recluse at Abba as a professed follower of the great sheikh, Mohammed Sherif. Having offended his superior by his outspoken condemnation of hypocrisy, and again and again abjectly implored his pardon, unsuccessfully, he withdrew from his leadership and joined his rival Koreishli, refusing the proffered pardon which came too late. The audacity of this action, and his previous renown as a religious ascetic, at once made his name famous, and he was joined by many adherents, among the earliest of whom was Abdullahi, the present Khalifa. It was in

August, 1881, that Rauf Pasha, the governor-general, becoming alarmed at the reports which reached him, and at the refusal of the "Mahdi" to come to Khartoum, despatched an expedition under Abu Saud to bring him by force. The force, already divided by internal dissensions and rivalries, fell a prey to the fanatical followers of Ahmed—armed though they were with nothing but sticks—and was annihilated in the river marshes. Proclaiming himself the Mahdi, Mohammed Ahmed now preached a *Jehad* or religious war, announcing that he had been sent by God to reform the faith, and preach renunciation of the world and its pleasures. He appointed three Khalifas, offering the fourth Caliphate to the great sheikh of the western Sudan, Senusi. This man's father had, since 1833, attained a very great celebrity, and the son was held by vast numbers of the fanatics of the west to be the real Mahdi. He, however, had never publicly claimed the title, nor exerted for the purposes of conquest the vast power he had gained. He refused the offer made to him, and the fourth Khalifa was never appointed.

Many opportunities occurred of crushing the new movement in its very inception, and Mohammed Guma even had a chance of capturing the Mahdi when with a mere handful of followers, but feared to act without orders from Khartoum. With a vast unarmed rabble the Mahdi moved to Jebel Gedir, and defeated and annihilated a force of some fourteen hundred men sent against him by the governor of Fashoda. The prestige of these successes brought thousands to his standard, who, rendered fearless by fanaticism, and possessed by the frenzy of their cause, fell upon the large and well-equipped government expedition under Yusef Pasha, and in June, 1882, his army of six thousand men was utterly annihilated. Southern Kordofan was now in the Mahdi's hands, and the tribes, regarding his victories as supernatural, rose and joined him. The Arab sheikhs were proud to enroll themselves as his followers, and they mas-

sacred the villagers with horrible atrocities, and defeated detachments of troops. Before even he had begun the *Jehad* he had made a tour through Kordofan, and had gauged only too correctly the discontent due to oppression and extortion—the animosity caused by Gordon's ill-advised appointment of a wealthy Sudanese merchant, Elias Pasha, as governor of the province, and the resentment engendered by the measures taken for the suppression of the slave trade. Acting on this knowledge, he was aware that all Kordofan was ready to rise in his favor, and after the defeat of Yusef there was nothing to oppose his march on the capital at El Obeid, to which the traitor, Elias Pasha himself, had invited him. The town was defended by the brave Saïd Pasha, and the Mahdi's first attack was repulsed with terrible loss to the Dervishes, who, being unarmed with rifles, fell in thousands before the bullets of the garrison. But no single reverse could now check the wave of fanaticism kindled by the preaching of the Mahdi. The bulk of the population joined him, the mission-station at Delen and other outlying stations fell into his hands, and El Obeid itself, after an heroic defence of five months, succumbed to the horrors of starvation and surrendered. A relieving force was also annihilated, and the fall of Bara preceded that of El Obeid. Regardless of the tenets of renunciation which formed the nominal creed of the Mahdi, the most horrible and revolting atrocities were committed upon the brave garrison in the search for loot, while the Mahdi continued to preach day and night, and by issuing ordinances relating to religious and social matters, endeavored to follow the example of the Prophet. The fall of El Obeid placed all Kordofan in the hands of the Dervishes.

Meanwhile, throughout Darfur, the Arab tribes had risen in revolt. The arms and ammunition expected by Slatin never arrived, and the discipline he had enforced, and the reforms he had instituted, had not added to his popularity among certain sections of

the people. The southern tribes were the first to take up arms under Madibbo, who defeated Mansur, the governor of Shakka, and attacked Slatin, who was at Dealn with a mere handful of men. Joined by the chivalrous Affi and his Habbania Arabs, who, "preferring death to dishonor," elected to face what seemed certain annihilation rather than desert him in his extremity, Slatin fought with the heroism of despair, and beat off for the moment the first attack of the enemy. Then, in the dead of night, advancing with but seventy men upon Madibbo's army, he inflicted a crushing defeat upon the panic-stricken host, and made good his retreat to Dara. Here, however, he was to learn of the shameful cowardice of Mansur, who had evacuated Shakka, and, leaving his soldiers behind, had precipitately fled to Dara. The devotion, however, of Ali Agha and his soldiers, who had remained with the women, ammunition, and baggage, and the skill with which their retreat was effected, had secured the safe arrival of the whole column, leaving Shakka in the hands of Madibbo. On the whole the condition of Darfur afforded as yet no grounds for despair. Slatin succeeded in raising over two thousand rifles, and marched back to Dealn. With a force increased to nine thousand five hundred men he advanced towards Shakka, but while himself suffering from heavy fever, his army was surprised when on the march owing to the negligence of the officer in charge of the rear-guard, and so desperate was the onslaught that the square was broken before the Bazingers (who were armed only with muzzle-loaders) had time to re-load. The force was only saved from total annihilation by Slatin's presence of mind and personal valor. Sounding the "lie down," which was obeyed by the greater number of the regulars, he opened fire on the square itself and drove out the enemy. Hastily collecting the remnants—nine hundred out of nine thousand five hundred—while the Rizi-ghat were engaged in pursuit of the fugitives, he rapidly entrenched him-

self, and beat off their renewed attack. Entrusting Salama with the desperate duty of carrying letters to Dara to assure them that the disaster of Om Waragat had not resulted in the total extinction of the force, and having also sent letters to Lupton, the governor of the Bahr el Ghazal province, asking him to effect a diversion from the south, Slatin's brave remnant defended themselves in their zeriba for seven days, though attacked once or twice daily. Reduced to starvation, the force determined to march for Dara, and at least to sell their lives dearly in the open. Attacked in overwhelming force, they defeated the Dervishes, and continued their march, fighting daily, and suffering from the pangs of hunger and thirst. The lucky capture of a flock of sheep with an Arab who showed them a pool of water, saved them from death, and Dara was reached at last. Slatin himself had been wounded three times, and bad news awaited him at Dara. El Obeld had fallen, and rumors of Arabi's rebellion in lower Egypt had spread through the Sudan. He was said to have ousted all Christians and deposed the khedive, and, in consequence, Slatin's officers became disaffected towards him, while the Mima and Khawabir Arabs were in revolt between Dara and the capital, El Fasher. Advancing rapidly against them, Slatin defeated them utterly in a very hard fought battle, and returned to find a serious mutiny among his own troops. By the exercise of great shrewdness he discovered the details of the plot, and succeeded in suppressing it, executing the ringleaders after trial. Recognizing that these intrigues were due to the fact that he was a Christian, and that his troops were convinced that to this fact was due the reverses they had suffered, Slatin boldly declared himself a Mohammedan. After getting rid of Zogal, the Mudir of Dara, of whose loyalty he had grave doubts, by sending him on a mission to Kordofan, he now advanced against the Helba Arabs and completely crushed their revolt. In spite of the fact that the Mahdi had



emissaries throughout the province inciting the people to revolt, Slatin had, by his masterly action, up to now defied the attempts of his enemies, both in the field and by intrigue, and from the capital to Dara all was fairly quiet, whilst all eyes were turned towards the expedition which was rumored to be advancing against the Mahdi from Khartoum. Slatin himself, however, was prostrated by the excruciating pain of the guinea-worm disease.

Meanwhile Glegler Pasha, in November, 1882, had defeated the Dervishes at Duem, one hundred miles south of Khartoum, and Abdel Kader had gained an even greater success at Maatuk in January, 1883, while General Hicks had won a battle at Marabia in April, 1883. But all Kordofan was in the Mahdi's hands, and his adherents continued to increase in number. He himself, dreading the great expedition which was being organized in Egypt against him, continued to preach vehemently, and to stir up his followers to fresh enthusiasm. Outwardly an ascetic, preaching renunciation, in private he had become a gross libertine and debauchee. His treasury was filled by tithes and percentages on loot, the punishment of death was inflicted for doubting his divine mission, and this and other new laws being opposed to the teachings of the Koran, the Mahdi took the bold step of suppressing its public discussion, and destroying all books on religion and law.

At last, in September, 1883, the ill-fated expedition under General Hicks started. Its object was the immediate reconquest of the Sudan, instead of the establishment of strong posts along the Nile, and a gradual reassertion of the authority of the government. "Ten thousand men in square formation, with six thousand camels in their midst, were to march through districts overgrown with vegetation and grass higher than a man's head." Discarding the northern road, where the country was open, water available, and the tribes friendly, they plighted themselves, with every possible disadvantage, against an enemy braver, unmercifully

superior, and better armed. To make disaster doubly certain dissensions were rife between the European officers and the Egyptian officials. The doomed force marched on, maddened by thirst, disappointed of its expected reinforcements, a vast moving target for the constant hail of bullets, till, on November 4th, what remained of the ten thousand were utterly annihilated and killed almost to a man by some one hundred thousand wild Dervishes. This victory placed the entire Sudan at the Mahdi's feet, and his prestige and power were now supreme.

In Darfur the situation was growing hourly more desperate. In spite of letters, composed by himself, announcing victories by the government troops, which Slatin publicly read, defection spread on all sides. Madibbo again advanced on Dara, but was utterly defeated by Slatin, a victory which was, however, more than counterbalanced by the defeat of Wad Darho by the Mima Arabs, and the annihilation of Kuku Agha. Dara was besieged, and Slatin's ammunition having almost completely run out, he was compelled to parley. Promising to surrender to the Mahdi, but not to the Arab tribes, he gained an armistice and sent in his submission by letter to El Obeld, at the same time priming his messenger with arguments which should prompt the Mahdi to defer its acceptance, for his object was to gain delay till the result of Hicks's pending battle should be known. After Hicks's defeat no possible chance remained—the troops decided to surrender, and many deserted, and poor Slatin had to yield to the inevitable. El Fasher, the capital, however, declined to capitulate, until reduced by thirst. Lupton, the governor of the Bahr el Ghazal, deserted by all his officers, was compelled to submit, and the Mahdi now became supreme throughout the western provinces.

Slatin himself was sent for by the Mahdi, and, on arrival at El Obeld, was kindly treated by the Khalifa Abdullahi, who gave him an office about his person.

In February, 1884, Gordon arrived in the Sudan. He had a reputation for personal bravery, and among the lower classes in Darfur for charity and benevolence. On the other hand, his eviction of the Gellabas from the southern districts had made his name detested in the Gezira. "Almost his first step was to issue a proclamation appointing the Mahdi sultan of Kordofan, permitting the slave trade, and proposing to enter into relations with him; in his letter he also asked for the release of the prisoners." The Mahdi, in reply, advised Gordon to surrender and save his life. Then followed that fatal error, the reading at Metemmeh of the proclamation that the government intended to abandon the Sudan. At the entreaty of Hussein Pasha he had not done so at Berber, and now by this public announcement he alienated all the still loyal tribes, and Berber fell. "Gordon's idea was to obtain the assistance of these tribes in order to facilitate the withdrawal of the garrisons, and he would have come to terms with them to effect this object, but how could he expect them to help him when in the words of that fatal proclamation it was decreed they were to be abandoned to their fate? And what in this eventuality would have been their fate? . . . Assistance given to Gordon to retreat meant the annihilation of themselves and the enslavement of their families. . . . It did not require a person of any special military capacity to remove the garrisons and war material by the steamers to Berber under pretext of relieving that town, and thus the whole or a considerable portion of the Sudan garrisons might have been withdrawn, though this would have needed to be done without delay, and could not have been feasible after the fall of Berber; but Berber, it must be remembered, did not fall till 19th of May—three months after Gordon's arrival in Khartoum. How could Gordon's qualities of personal bravery and energy, great as they undoubtedly were, arrest the progress of events after that most grave political error?" Such were Slatin's reflections, and poor

Valentine Baker, frankly told by the loyal tribes on whom he had relied that after this pronouncement they could no longer assist him, echoed the same thoughts.<sup>1</sup> Gordon, presumably, acted in the belief that it was the more straightforward course to announce at once the orders he had from Mr. Gladstone's ministry in England without inculcating the tribes by obtaining their assistance when he must leave them eventually to their fate.

Khartoum was now besieged, as also was Sennar. Berber had fallen, but the garrisons of Dongol still held out, and had defeated the Dervishes. Gordon had scored a victory over Abu Girga, and the Mahdi determined to now proceed himself to the vicinity of Khartoum. His vast host, comprising the greater part of the population of the Sudan, set out in August by three separate roads. At this juncture there arrived in the Mahdi's camp a Frenchman named Olivier Pain, who stated that he had come "to offer his assistance and that of his nation with arms and money in order to embarrass the English, with whom his nation was at feud." "Is that what you call politics," remarked Hussein Pasha, Slatin's fellow prisoner, "to offer money and arms to people whose only object is to kill others and rob them of their property and enslave their wives and daughters?" "Malaish!" replied Slatin, "he who lives long sees much!" The Mahdi treated the offer with contempt, Pain became a prisoner and died soon after in spite of Slatin's tender care. Shortly before the Mahdi's arrival at Khartoum a strong force sent out by Gordon was annihilated, and Slatin was now directed to write to him, and call upon him to submit. Instead of doing so, he wrote in German, asking Gordon to connive at his escape, in order that he might join him in the defence of the town, and assist him by his knowledge of the Mahdi's plans, provided that a surrender had not already been decided upon. Gordon received this letter, but vouchsafed no reply to it or to subsequent letters from Slatin conveying the

<sup>1</sup> *Fide* Memoirs of Sir Samuel Baker.

news of the capture of the steamer and the massacre of Colonel Stewart's party, but Consul Hansal replied asking for an interview. To this the Mahdi agreed, but instead of being allowed to go, Slatin was made a close prisoner and heavily ironed. In this captivity Lupton was sent to join him, but was shortly after released to work a gun, to which he consented on the understanding that it would ameliorate the condition of his wife and child, but Slatin refused, and was loaded with still heavier chains, and half starved. Gordon had said in a note which fell into the Mahdi's hands that he could hold Khartoum till the end of January. On the 15th Omdurman fort fell, and shortly afterwards the news which made Slatin's heart "thump with joy" was received of the English victory at Abu Klea, and the almost total annihilation of the Dervish force, followed by reports of other victories at Abu Kru and Gubat. The Mahdi resolved to storm the town before the English force could arrive, and on the night of the 25th it was carried by a breach in the walls made by the rising Nile, and which had remained unrepared. The delay of the English force at Metemmeh had been fatal, Gubat had been reached on the 20th, and Gordon's four steamers had arrived on the 21st. "Then why did they not send some Englishmen on board, no matter how few, and despatch them instantly to Khartoum? If they could only have been seen in the town, the garrison would have taken fresh hope, and would have fought tooth and nail against the enemy, whilst the inhabitants who had lost all confidence in Gordon's promises would have joined heartily in resisting the Dervish attack, knowing that the relief expected was now certain to reach them." Gordon was butchered and met his death like a hero,—his head was taken to Slatin, and then to the Mahdi. The Greek and Austrian consuls were butchered, and the most awful massacre and unspeakable atrocities were committed, whilst the English steamers under Sir Charles Wilson arrived two days too late. His retreat after

verifying the fall of Khartoum was the precursor of the return to Egypt of the English expedition.

For eight long months Slatin lay in chains so heavy that he could not rise, and raw dhurra was often his only food. His equable disposition enabled him to bear this intolerable strain, but poor Lupton chafed to such an extent that his hair turned white, and Slatin at times feared for his reason. At last, in response to an appeal, they were liberated by the Khalifa, and Slatin was appointed one of his household and presented with various wives, whom he had much difficulty in evading. After the fall of Khartoum the Mahdi fell ill and died, and the Khalifa Abdullahi succeeded him, and received the oath of allegiance from all. As a religious reformer the Mahdi had united the four distinct sects of Islam, had introduced improvements in the ritual, had facilitated the ceremony of marriage by rendering it less costly, had forbidden drinking bouts, dancing, playing, smoking, etc. He had prohibited the prescribed pilgrimages to Mecca, and made the doubting of his divine mission punishable by death or mutilation, and since many of his dispositions and ordinances were at variance with the law of the Koran, he had ordered that all books on religious subjects should be destroyed.

He had broken down the social and official ranks, and made rich and poor alike in the universal garb which was the uniform of his following. In private, however, both he and his Khalifas were libertines and drunkards, and indulged in every kind of excess.

At the time of Khalifa Abdullahi's succession, with the exception of a few small mountain tribes, the whole of the western Sudan acknowledged the Mahdi. Not only Darfur and the Bahr el Ghazal, but the powerful outlying Arab tribes as far as Wadal—and even the sultan of that powerful kingdom himself—declared themselves his adherents. In the east, Kassala and Senar made a heroic defence, but the latter fell in August, 1885, and the former at a still later date; some other

of the garrisons had meantime been relieved by King John of Abyssinia. Osman Digna ruled the Suakim province, but had been defeated in 1884 and 1885 by the English in his attempts to reach the coast. The Khalifa Abdullahi now disarmed the other two Khalifas, and divested them of all symbols of authority in order to establish his own unquestioned authority, and Khaled, the Mahdi's cousin, governor of Darfur, was defeated by force and chained. At El Obeld the oppression led to a successful mutiny of the soldiers, who inflicted several crushing defeats on the Dervish forces, and established themselves in the mountains till crushed by the overwhelming army of Abu Anga.

The Kadis' Courts now instituted were nominally supreme, but were so corrupt and so terrorized by the Khalifa that the name of justice was a farce. Tyranny and oppression were rife throughout the land: a universal poll-tax and other dues called zeka, together with monopolies of soap manufacture and ferries, a new coinage, and the sale of slaves, enriched the Khalifa's treasury for the support of the western Arabs, whom the Nile tribes now saw growing daily in power under the ægis of their compatriot. The Taaisha, the Khalifa's own tribe, consisting of twenty-four thousand fighting men, migrated to the capital from Darfur. Through the length and breadth of the land there was perpetual bloodshed. A revolt in Darfur was followed by continual fighting between Karamalla, Yusef, and Madibbo in the west. On the north the Kababish Arabs were annihilated and given up to loot, as was also the Gehéna tribe. In the east, the Abyssinians invaded Gellabat and exterminated Arbab's army, but were in turn invaded, and their country laid waste in January, 1888, by Abu Anga's large army. Slatin and Lupton lived in misery at the capital, the former as a slave to the Khalifa, the latter as a workman in the dockyards, and now a young German merchant who had endeavored to open trade, and bring assistance to the Kababish, had

been taken prisoner, and sent to join them; in May, 1888, poor Lupton died. Having crushed all opposition, and gained much applause by erecting a great tomb to the Mahdi, his successor's despotism and cruelty knew no restraint, and in both east and west his armies were successful, while the most renowned of his emirs, Wad Nejumi, waited with a powerful force on the frontiers of Egypt. No sooner, however, had the fighting, both in east and west, been brought apparently to a successful conclusion, than it broke out again with greater fury than ever. King John, with a vast army, attacked Gellabat, and would have utterly crushed the Dervish forces had not he himself been killed at the moment of victory, which turned it into defeat. In Darfur the tribes rose once more under Abu Gemmalza, and won victory after victory over the Mahdists, till, marching on El Fasher, their leader died of small-pox, and they were defeated and dispersed. The land, says Slatin, "seemed covered with dead bodies," for the carnage was awful. But the Khalifa's cruelty still claimed its victims, and the cold-blooded massacre and mutilation of sixty-seven Batabin in the public market-place stands out, even amid these holocausts of victims, as a crime written in capital letters of blood. The Taaisha tribe were encouraged by their master to rob and loot, till neither property nor life was safe at the capital, and the food supplies were daily diminishing. Reckless of the atmosphere of butchery and carnage in which he ruled, the despot now gave orders to the brave Wad Nejumi to advance against Egypt with his Nile Valley tribes, whom the Khalifa feared and mistrusted. Ill-supported and ill-equipped, he met the Egyptian army under General Grenfell at Toski in May, 1889, where he himself fell, and his force was annihilated with a loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners of sixteen thousand men.

And now the unhappy Sudan was to suffer a fate even more awful than any which had yet befallen. Throughout all the districts owning the Mahdi's

rule a famine broke out, so that people died by thousands, and thousands of the living could not cope with the work of burying the dead. Cannibalism, and the most awful and ghastly tragedies were of daily occurrence, till one wonders how there were left any people alive in this misruled famine-stricken land. No sooner had the cruel strain of famine relaxed than flights of locusts, hitherto unknown, came to complete the destruction of the people. Yet they met it—as the Batahin met their fate—with a marvellous heroism. The “proud and moral” Jaalin bricked up their houses when their food was done, and whole villages thus calmly and silently awaited death. It is a harrowing, heart-rending tale, this story of a nation of heroes mowed down in battle, starved by famine, murdered in cold blood by a despot’s orders, yet never falling short of their standard of invincible courage. And through it all poor Slatin lived, a silent spectator, now trusted and allowed to receive, in ecstasies of joy, letters from his Austrian home, and newspapers whose very advertisements he learnt by heart, now suspected causelessly, his life from hour to hour hanging on a mere thread and a tyrant’s mood—anon once more “forgiven” and presented with wives whom he did not want, as a mark of royal favor.

In July, 1890, an expedition was sent to the equatorial province, which, under Emin, had hitherto been left almost entirely undisturbed. Reggaf was taken, and a garrison formed there, to which all suspects and warriors from the Nile Valley tribes, whom the Khalifa mistrusted, were despatched. Still the brave Dinkas and Shilluks, the most warlike tribes of the Sudan, remained free, until Zeki conquered and almost exterminated them, sending to Omdurman vast numbers of slaves, and immense quantities of loot. Meanwhile, Osman Digna in the east had pursued the same policy, and the brave Hadendoa, Shaigia, and Kassala tribes were almost annihilated, and their country depopulated. This marked the zenith of the Mahdist

power. Oppression, extortion, massacre, slave-raiding on a gigantic scale, and every form of misrule was rampant. In every province the rulers endeavored to enrich themselves at the expense of the miserable population. The first intimation that the arms and prestige of the Dervishes was on the wane was conveyed by the defeat of Digna at Tokar, and this great disaster was closely followed by the ill-success of Wad Adam in the west, who, while holding eastern Darfur, had been compelled to retire from his efforts to re-subdue the western tribes. Quarrels arose in Dongola between Yunes and Khaled, and the Ashraf (relations of the Mahdi) revolted at the capital itself. These troubles near headquarters were suppressed by the iron hand of despotism. The Douagla were secretly disarmed, and numbers of them sent to Reggaf, while Khaled was removed and treacherously killed, and the Ashraf revolt crushed. The soldiers’ escape again caused suspicion to be directed against Slatin, who narrowly escaped with his life, but poor Zeki, the brave and victorious general of the Mahdist army in Gedaref, did not fare so well. His success and popularity had raised the jealousy of the Khalifa, and he was, as so many before him had been, treacherously seized for no fault, thrown into prison and starved to death, while his relations were killed, his wives distributed, his sister flogged to death, and his wealth became the loot of the Khalifa and his satellites. His successor, Wad Ali, with a very large army, attacked the Italian position at Agordat and was severely defeated, and this reverse was followed by the fall of Kassala. The Khalifa, now thoroughly alarmed, concentrated all his forces along the Atbara, to dispute the advance of the Italians, for Omdurman itself lay at their mercy. The fanatical spirit had died—the Dervishes themselves longed for the defeat of their tyrant, and had made but little stand at Kassala. In the south the army at Reggaf had scored a success by the defeat of Fadl El Maula, who after Emin’s departure



with Stanley had joined the Congo State troops. The latter had overrun the Bahr el Ghazal, the most important province in the Sudan, "whose ruler," says Slatin, "holds the Sudan in his hands." It is at once the granary of the Sudan and the recruiting ground for the bravest and most warlike of the tribes. "In four or five years the rulers of the Bahr el Ghazal could recruit from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand troops who could conquer the whole country." The Belgians had in August, 1894, entered into treaty with Faroghé (as far north as Lat. 9°), and through this treaty, with other papers, flags, etc., had fallen into the Khalifa's hands during his recent successes, news now reached him of advancing forces from Uganda, and from the south-west. In every direction his power was tottering to its fall. Orders were given to retreat from all positions in the south except Reggaf, while the Khalifa prepared to fight for his very existence against England and Egypt in the north, and the Italians in the east. The fuller news now given to the world in Slatin's absorbing account verifies *au pied de la lettre* the conclusions drawn by me in this review last July.

Meanwhile Slatin, after various elaborate plans for escape, several of which during 1892, 1893, and 1894, had been carried almost to the point of completion, eventually started on February 20, 1895, on his hazardous adventure, which, after all kinds of unforeseen delays and unsuspected dangers, was safely accomplished by a month of almost superhuman exertion, danger, and difficulty. The intensely thrilling story of this flight must be read in detail to be appreciated. In the Musalmanla quarter at Omdurman there still remain some forty-five Christians of various nationalities, engaged in simple trades to eke out a bare existence, subject to the tyranny and cruelty of the Khalifa, longing for the day when civilization shall intervene to substitute law and order once more for chaos and anarchy in the distracted Sudan.

Such are some of the chief points to be noted in Slatin's amazing and unique book. From its perusal two impressions remain prominent on the memory. First, the chivalry, heroic courage, and high honor of these Arab warriors, who, again and again, preferring death to dishonor, fearlessly face the horrors of starvation, famine, indescribable tortures, and death, rather than forego their resolve, or submit to disgrace or defeat. Secondly, the astounding powers of memory of the writer, who recalls, at an interval of nearly twenty years, the minor details of nearly every event, and is never at a loss for the names of the actors even in the most trivial affairs, or in the lesser councils of war or peace. Above and apart from this, it is hardly necessary to remark on the courage, patience, and indomitable fortitude of the pasha himself, whose manly qualities endeared him to all with whom he was brought into contact in these eventful years of exile and captivity. To these firm friendships, with men to whom loyalty and honor mattered more than life itself, he owed much that made life possible, and even to some extent, his ultimate escape.

The Khalifa who forms the centre figure of this other world story is painted in graphic colors. A native of south-west Darfur, the strong individuality and resoluteness of his character developed with the exercise of unlimited power into the worst traits of the despot. Pride degenerated into a blind belief in his own infallibility, and he did not scruple to adopt the successes of others—whether it were the architecture of the Mahdi's tomb or the victories of Zeki—as the results of inspiration given to himself from heaven. An innate cruelty grew to proportions unrivalled even by the late emperors of Rome. He gloated over the massacre of whole tribes, in the death, by lingering tortures or starvation, of his most able and most deserving generals and advisers. His degeneration of character was, of course, accompanied by an inordinate sensuality and love



of luxury, display, and flattery. His harem consisted of four hundred women, his body-guard of twelve thousand warriors clad in armor, with horses decked in quilted caparisons. His policy was, in brief, to exterminate the Nile Valley tribes, and to introduce the western tribes in their place, so that the Gezira and other formerly populous districts became depopulated, while he crushed the Ashraf (Mahdi's relatives) and took all power from his brother Khalifs. The coinage was debased by successive stages till it became a fifth its normal value. Mock justice was administered by the Kadis, who were his creatures, whose duty it became to carry out his decisions, however grossly unjust, and to make them appear, so far as possible, to accord with the Moslem law and the Mahdi's "Instructions." Religion became a mockery, and his wretched subjects ceased to believe in its travesty. Pilgrimages to Mecca were forbidden and replaced by visits to the Mahdi's tomb; commentaries on the Koran were suppressed, and the religion of Islam was made the vehicle of all that was evil. Education ceased, and trade—except the trade in slaves, which assumed vast proportions, and was conducted with unspeakable cruelties and incalculable loss of life—became practically non-existent. A veto was placed on trade in feathers, that in gums was taxed prohibitively, tobacco was contraband, and ivory coming only from the south dwindled as those provinces lapsed from the Khalifa's control. A small and desultory trade continued with Egypt, but a rigid prohibition of the export of slaves left but little for merchants to convey out of the country. Industry suffered in like proportion, and became limited to a little weaving of common cloths, and some leather work, while the immorality bred of chaos, of the wholesale depopulation of vast districts by the slave trade, and by the rupture of all social organization, became fearful in its extent, and was accompanied by the increase of the diseases which usually accompany it. Added to these were

yearly epidemics of typhoid fever, etc., arising from the unspeakable unsanitary state of the town. The picture drawn of this chaos, oppression, license, and cruelty—more especially of the horrors of the public prison, where the ghastly tragedy of the black hole of Calcutta was repeated nightly—leaves nothing to the imagination, for the uttermost depths of human depravity and human misery have been reached in the Sudan of to-day. "Seventy-five per cent. at least," says Slatin, "of the total population has succumbed to war, famine, and disease, while of the remainder, the majority are little better than slaves." Let us leave this dark and blood-stained picture, and consider for a moment how those evils wrought by the policy of abandonment—advised by England—may be dealt with.

"The helping hand" (says Slatin emphatically) "must come from without," for unless the crushed and miserable people can be sure that the Khalifa's power is certainly doomed by the intervention of a force that cannot be withstood, they will not dare to rise and lend their aid. And what does this power consist of? Slatin states it with absolute knowledge, telling us to a man what are the garrisons of each post throughout the Sudan. In round numbers the Dervish forces consist of forty thousand rifles, sixty-four thousand spear men, "and seventy-five guns." Of the rifles, he says, "there are not more than twenty-two thousand Remingtons in good condition." Of the sixty-four thousand spear men, at least twenty-five per cent. are either too old or too young to be considered effective, while the guns are for the most part either practically useless, or lack ammunition. This is the power which still continues to defy civilization! Slatin, in cautious and well-chosen words emphasizes two points in his final remarks as to the future of the Sudan. The first is the immense importance of the Bahr el Ghazal, the key to the Sudan, the second is that unless the power which eventually recovers the Sudan from the grasp of the

Khalifa is identical with that which holds the lower Nile the danger to Egypt of a diversion of the water supply on which she depends will be very great. On these two points, especially the last, I have myself dwelt continuously for the last two or three years. In view of the advance of France from the south-west—we have lately had news that Zemio has been occupied by her—and of Italy from the East there is no longer room for delay.<sup>1</sup> Atrocities worse than those in Armenia have been perpetrated without ceasing for twelve years in a country for which we are far more directly responsible than we are for Armenia. For apart from the fact that it was on our advice that Egypt abandoned those provinces, the far more urgent fact remains that it is owing to our veto that no other European power has been able to intervene to put a stop to this awful chaos, oppression, and cruelty. At the time that Germany wished to gain an access to the Nile regions we concluded a treaty by which we secured her absolute withdrawal from any interference in that direction. In a similar manner we prevented Italy from approaching the Nile Valley, and this was the more marked since Italy has been engaged in hostilities with the Dervishes, yet was prohibited by treaty with us from pursuing her advantage. After the capture of Kassala—as Slatin relates—Omdurman and the Sudan lay in her power, but her hands were tied. France approached from the south-west, but a British minister, speaking for the government of this country, announced that England would regard it as an “unfriendly act” if she entered the Nile Valley. The Congo State sent troops into the Bahr el Ghazal, and Great Britain protested against the violation of her rights till such time as it suited our convenience to leave those territories to King Leopold. All this we have done—in effect to announce to Europe that if any power interferes in the Sudan we shall

regard it as a *casus belli*—and, as the protecting power in Egypt and the holders of Uganda, we have done rightly. But can any one read this account of the state of the Sudan, and say that our duty ends there? Rather have we accepted a great and a terrible responsibility for the Sudan—a responsibility which as a nation we have deliberately incurred through successive governments. If those whose moral sense is so deeply outraged by the atrocities committed in Armenia, would for one moment contrast dispassionately the twelve years of horrors and atrocities perpetrated in the Sudan, they would find on a perusal of Slatin's pages how infinitely beyond comparison they have exceeded in barbarity of details, in length of continuance, and in number of victims the atrocities committed by Turks or Khurds. Let them further contrast the measure of responsibility incurred by Great Britain in the one country and in the other—the efforts made on behalf of Armenia, and the absolute apathy as regards the Sudan—and say whether it does not devolve upon this nation to make some effort to place a limit to the awful evils which are rampant in a country from which it has excluded all other European influences, rather than to kindle the flames of an European conflagration by precipitate action in Armenia, where our responsibilities are by no means so direct. As I have urged consistently since 1892, the one way in which this effort should be made is by simultaneous action from north and south. Had action been taken at that date by sending agents into the Bahr el Ghazal to secure that “Key of the Sudan,” already the army of fifteen to twenty thousand, which Slatin says could easily be raised in three or four years, might have been at our disposal. The disposition is to allow matters to rest *in statu quo* pending the construction of the Uganda Railway, but in my own opinion there is no need to await that event, distant at least five years from the present date; and if we do so wait we shall assuredly be “too late” once more. Nor have we the moral right to restrain France and

<sup>1</sup> This article was written prior to the battle of Adowa, and as the writer is beyond the reach of proofs it has not been brought up to date.—[EDITOR, *N. R.*]

Italy, and to perpetuate the massacres, slave raids, and oppression of the Sudan for a further period of years. It needs no transport of troops or a vast bulk of war material. The mere guns and ammunition are all that are required. Men, transport, and food are all to be obtained on the spot. An advance from Egypt—for which everything is ready—simultaneously with a diversion from the south by a local levy in the Bahr el Ghazal under English officers, and supplied with munitions from Uganda, would upset the tottering dynasty of the Khalifa.

Recent news points to rapid developments in the central and Egyptian Sudan. In the January number of the *Mouvement Antiesclavagiste Belge* an article is published entitled "La fin du mahdisme," which contains some striking news. Previous articles in the same paper had dwelt on the prophecy current in the Sudan that the Mahdi's power would fall in March, 1895, a belief which had such power among the Dervishes that the Khalifa refused to attempt to retake Kassala. As this prophecy was not fulfilled he took heart of grace, and summoned the Sultan Yusef of Wadai to assist him to expel the Italians from Kassala. His message was conveyed by the emir of Kordofan, but Sultan Yusef threw the envoys into prison, called to his aid the sheikhs of Senusi, and accepted the battle offered to him. The Dervishes were completely routed, and great quantities of loot was captured by the Wadai forces. Rabeh, who had long since established himself in Bornu, is related to have come to the assistance of the Dervishes against his ancient foe, but, arriving too late, he in turn was defeated, and his head carried on a lance to Wadai. Sultan Yusef, continues the writer, then marched on Kuka, the capital of Bornu, on Lake Chad, captured the town and placed Rabeh's son on the throne after securing his submission as his vassal. This news, if true, is all important, indicating as it does the first great conflict between the Khalifa and the enormously powerful faction of the Senusi,

and it is hardly necessary to point out how imperative it is that the crumbling power of Mahdism should not be replaced by a power whose ramifications extend from Morocco, around Lake Chad, throughout the Sahara to Algeria, Tripoli, and Egypt. It is above all important that England should anticipate the Senusi in the Nile Valley, or we may find a power there which would be far harder to deal with than that of the effete Khalifate. On the other hand, the Senusi sect has proved itself a singularly peaceful neighbor, unless attacked, and its leader has announced that its mission is one of peace, not war, so that we have cause to hope that in replacing the Mahdist power in the Nile Valley we should still be able to avoid conflict with either Yusef of Wadai or his religious leaders the sheikhs of the Senusi.

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From Longman's Magazine.  
THE BONDAGER.

I.

One evening, at that early period of summer when the last faded blossoms are withering on the hawthorns, and a golden yellow comes on broom and gorse, a youth of nineteen was tramping along the dusty white road that led across a Northumbrian moor. His dress and appearance were those of a superior rustic—an intelligent boy whom his father had schooled and destined for some more ambitious calling than the plough-tail. Thunder had been rumbling all the afternoon and was now growing loud and frequent. Big drops of rain had already begun to fall as he came in front of a little wayside cottage, with a low front wall and a roof of green lichened thatch drooping to the very earth at the back. A hoe stood against the lintel, as if it had been placed there by some one just returned from fieldwork; and on his knocking at the door he was answered by an invitation to come in by an elderly woman still wearing the outworkers' "ugly," or large sun-bonnet. She had apparently

been lighting the fire with dry sticks gathered on her way back from the turnip-field, for some were crackling and blazing round the kettle that hung from an old-fashioned "swey," or crook, and the rest lay on the hearth. At a glance the boy took in all the common characteristics of the bondager's home: a wooden bed, under which the coals and potatoes were kept, a scrubbed and sanded brick floor, a dresser with a row of plates, pill-boxes and ointments telling of rheumatism and rustic faith in quackery, a loud-ticking wag-at-the-wa', and Scripture texts pinned to the wall.

The first impression produced by the owner was that she was as common and typical as her furniture, since age and toil had withered her features and exposure had reduced her originally bright complexion to a dull mahogany, while a simple, credulous expression completed the picture of a silly, worn-out, and uninteresting old woman. And yet she exercised an indefinable attraction that was more decidedly manifested when she began to speak, which she did in a slow, deliberate manner, breaking the words into syllables, yet stringing them together in an endless filament of sing-song.

"Come away ben, my man, and take a seat," she said, almost before the young man had asked for shelter. "No, no, hinny, you'll no walk any farther the night. Desht wait here and you'll get a cast wi' the post gig, and I'll make you a cup of tea."

If it were possible, it would only be puzzling to reproduce her dialect in the breadth with which it was spoken, for the reader might not understand as well as her visitor did that "hiz yins" meant "us," and "wurras" "ours," to take two constantly recurring examples. "Go set! But this'll lay the stour," she exclaimed as the rain-drops now pelted against the little diamond panes. Then, when the tea had "masked," and she had drawn her little three-legged stool, or "c'facky," to the table and placed her visitor on the only other seat, a rickety chair, she said comfortably: "Now dinna be feared, but pit oot hand and

help yoursel'," which he did without much pressing, taking turn and turn about with the only knife, which was used alternately to cut the bread and spread the butter, and dipping his spoon into a basin which bore the warning, "Be canny with the sugar."

The lonely old woman was evidently very glad of a little company, and liked the lad's quiet, honest face. So she began by giving him a long account of her pains, the everlasting topic of her class, and explaining about the various cures she had tried. He quite understood, and remarked that this came of having to be out in all kinds of weather.

"Aye, hinny, you may well say that," she replied. "Wunter's a verra tryin' time for hiz yins that have to pull turnips and turn the cutter, and often fork corn to the thrasher when the grund's white and the laddies sclidin'. Go, I've heard men-folk say they liked the smell of a young bean-field when the bees are bummin' in 't after a shower of rain, and young lads are fond of the saint of new-cut hay when them and their sweathearts are teddin' it; mony a romp we had when I was a lass, and jimp young women are fond of the quiet lonnins in the gloamin', when the red and white briary roses are oot; but the awd bondager thinks no smell so fine as the smell o' burnin' quickens;<sup>1</sup> for, when the little fires are smokin' and blazin' on the ploughed land, and the blowsterous Mairch wind's fair bitin' wi' reek, it's a sure sign that the warst is by for the year and we're comin' on to the canny time o' spring. I liket the shearin' when I was young and gatherin' taties, but when you get up in years you begin to think the fire-side the best merrymaking you can get."

One thing led to another, and it was with a wistful look, that sat curiously on her age-puckered face and scanty grey hair, that she began to tell, in the tone of one not sure of being believed, that in her time she, too, had been a

<sup>1</sup> Quickens, the roots of couch-grass, gathered, dried, and burnt in little heaps before spring crops are sown.

queen of the harvest-field and kirn dance.

"You'll desht think I'm silly for tellin' you," she said, "but when I ga'ed into the stackyard on the top o' the last load o' corn, wi' the shearers and binders a' laughin' ahint, folk said the horses never had pulled in a bonnier lass. Eh, my dear, I was both daft and supple then and the steward and me led off the dance at the supper, and we kept it up till yokin' time in the mornin'."

She had found a good listener, and her heart warmed to him. "Eh, my dear!" she exclaimed, "I div like to see you sittin' there, for you mind me o' my bairn. I had as bonny a laddie as ever you saw, hinny, but the folk were so bad to him he ran away, and I'm always expectin' him back. I' the dark nights I aye keep a cannle burnin' I' the end window, and every step that gans past I think maun be his." As she paused the visitor expressed a hope that the runaway would drop in one day when she least expected it, and she went on, "He was fowerteen when they garred him runaway, and if he had axed me I'd a followed him had it been to sleep at the dyke back. He'll be a fine young man now, as big as you, and, maybe, as bonny. And I've made things for him, and knitted stockin's; and my faither's big watch that never went I've aye kept it for him, cause he'll be a man now and want to carry a watch when he gans to see the lasses."

Opening the door of a little cupboard, she added, "See, he'll ken his mother didna forget him; I've kept a' his things since he was a babby, for the time'll come when he may want them for a bairn of his own," and she took out the white wallet in which he had carried his school dinner of bread and cheese, and a tin bottle of cold tea, a broken slate with a game of "fickley o's" never rubbed out, a tattered Gray's arithmetic, and the "collection" in which he used to read. "He worked oot in summer and I paid for his schoolin' every winter," she said, as the youth opened one of the books. He was surprised to see from the name and date that the

child had apparently been to school more than thirty years before. If that were true he must be a man getting on to fifty—an appalling old age to nineteen. But Grace Nesbit had her own crazy ideas of chronology, and refused to entertain the thought. "Houts, bairn!" she exclaimed when he pointed out the discrepancy, "d'ye think he can be as awd as his mother? You'll see when he comes back he's desht as young and yald as you are."

In his inexperience he tried to show that she must have made a mistake, but her mind, sound enough in all other respects, could not realize the lapse of time. A lack of education and an unhealthy habit of brooding on one topic during her long solitary tasks in the field, and the equal loneliness of the cottage, had combined to form a hallucination nothing could erase.

The youth, seeing the hopelessness of argument, and being now refreshed with his rest, rose to go, but, before doing so, moved by the poverty-stricken appearance of the woman and her surroundings, he put his hand into a slenderly furnished pocket to give her something for her trouble, but she refused anything of the kind. "No, no, laddie," said she, "I'm better provided than you think for. I've always been savin' agin his comin' back, and young folk never have mair money than they want; but mind, hinny, and come in whenever you're passin'; you may na get much good, you'll never get ony ill frae awd Gracie. But what for are you hurryin' when you could get a lift with the post?"

"Oh, it's a fine night now," said the boy, for the moorland birds were twittering and a clear twilight was settling down on the green refreshed fields. "I'm taking a near cut across the common and up the west slack o' the hill, and they're not expectin' me back." The grave look that came to his face appeared to suggest that pre-occupation with troubles of his own partly accounted for the patience with which he had endured the woman's long gossip. "They're not expectin' me back," he repeated. "I'm the herd's



son of Skelterburn, and I've run away from my place."

"Hout now, laddie," said the old woman soothingly; 'dinna be cussen doon about that. You're young and yebble, and he mun ha' been a bad maister if a likely lad like you had to take French leave."

"It was Davis, the money-lender," replied the boy, glad to relieve his mind to any one. "Father made me answer the advertisement because he had paid a lot for my schoolin' and wanted me to get into town; but I would sooner ca' sheep about the Cheviot Hills a' my life than have to worry the life out o' folk for rent and interest. They say Davis came to the place a poor laddie and got some job in a pawnshop, and a queer business they say it was. The man in time died and he married the widow. She carries on the shop now, and he lends money to hard-up farmers and such-like. When he made me go and crave Mat Elliot—you'll ken him, he was steward here once—and it being clippin'-time, at any rate, when I'm sure of a job, I just started to tramp back to Skelterburn."

"Mextus Atty! what did you say about Mattha Elliot?" asked the slow old woman with a startled energy she had not previously displayed.

"Aye, I thought you would be sorry, for he belonged to these parts," answered he. "Mat had bad luck, and not enough capital when he took Broomie-knowe Farm. So he began to borrow from Davis, and everybody that does that is ruined in the end. If Mat can't raise the interest—Davis is comin' for 't the morn—there's an end to his farm, for Davis is as hard as a grindstone."

"I am sorry to hear that," exclaimed the old woman, "I worked to Mattha for many a year when he was the steward, and him and his wife were verra good to me and my bairn when we sair needed it. But his friends 'll help him, wull they no, hinny?"

"They've done as much as they can already," he replied. "If he hasn't the money the morn he'll be turned out o' house and hold. Davis is not the man to rest till he has had the last penny."

After giving full particulars of the case the boy started homewards and the old woman drew in her stool to the dying embers of the fire, and, taking out a dirty clay pipe, lit it and smoked, for, like many outworking women, obliged to be almost manlike in their work and dress, she imitated the male sex in a love of tobacco, and as she puffed and muttered to herself she again and again eyed a certain brick in the floor under which were concealed the small boardings of a lifetime. "It was for the laddie I pingled and scarted it together," she soliloquized aloud, and then, "had it no been for him, me and the bairn would both ha' been in the workhouse." But at last she put out her pipe, laid it carefully away in its nook beside the fireplace, put on her "gathering coal," carefully raked the ashes over to keep it from burning too quickly, and retired to rest with her mind made up to take a very singular step in the morning.

## II.

On a brilliant summer day it would have been difficult for any chance passer-by to imagine that trouble or distress could be within the homestead of Matthew Elliot. With its neat flower-plot before the door, and a famous yellow rose drooping in myriads from the white wall; with its wealth of pigs and ducks and hens and geese grunting and squeaking and cackling from a barnyard shaded by elms, from which a colony of rooks sent forth a ceaseless gurgling murmur as the young tried simultaneously to swallow their food and call for more, it seemed to present an ideal of rustic peace and happiness. Yet the round, honest face of the farmer was clouded with anxiety, as in the middle of the forenoon he sat in the garden waiting for his bees to swarm and dreading the arrival of a visitor whom he had returned from the fields to meet. We say "sat," but, as a matter of fact, he could not keep the same position five minutes together. He flung himself into the rustic arbor, then jumped up and walked up between



the gooseberry bushes to the hives where the bees were hanging out in large buzzing clusters ready to follow a new queen, and restlessly he turned to the house, said an irritable word to "Marget," his placid-tempered wife, and whisked back into the garden again. This was very unusual behavior on his part, but the situation offered a good excuse for it. As far back as he could remember, it had been his ambition to take this little farm, and for many a frugal year he had saved for the purpose. When he died at last venture on the tenancy it was with a certain trust in luck. The whole of his capital was needed to stock and work it for the first twelve months. He had not a penny to fall back upon in case of need. Fortune, with her usual caprice, deserted him at the critical moment. Instead of the crowded stackyard and large increase for which he hoped, she sent the rinderpest among his cattle and he had never recovered from the blow. It is just possible that he might have done so, but for the fact of his falling into a snare continually set for the distressed farmer; in other words, he had gone a-borrowing from one of those harpies whose extortions are a disgrace to rural England. If once the simple husbandman gets into their clutches it is nearly impossible for him to escape; and though Elliot had made a gallant effort to do so, he seemed as far as ever from succeeding. After returning more than the sum originally borrowed, in the shape of fees and interest, not only was the principal still unreduced, but this year he had been obliged to let payments fall into arrears. For these he was now being pressed by the money-lender, who, though the farmer was not shrewd enough to guess it, only refrained from carrying things to an extremity because certain facts that had come out in a recent and very bad exposure had made him reluctant to face the County Court judge with a case in which his proceedings had been shady.

Even at the very time when Matthew was clenching his fist in the garden and

muttering "Dang the man! If he would but give us till after harvest I'd pull through yet," Mr. Davis was being driven along from the station in a gig. He was in every respect a mean-looking man—mean in his dress, as though he grudged to spend a penny more than he could help on it; mean in his face, with little greedy eyes and mean thin lips covered with thin, close-clipped grizzly hair. "Miser," in a word, was written all over him. His only happiness—if the satisfaction it yielded him can be called happiness—lay in getting money or in contriving expedients to avoid spending it. The very trap in which he came along he had got without paying for, from an hotel keeper who was in his debt. It was extremely little he cared for the beautiful lane shaded with waving green elm boughs, or the corn-fields glistening and glowing in the sun, or the sheep panting beneath the shade, or the blue and distant mountains, that would have awakened the admiration of any but an earthworm.

And yet there was one little rustic scene that seemed to rivet his attention. It was a farm cart drawn by a heavy draught horse and driven by an elderly rustic with a shaggy merry face, who sat on the "limmer," and whistled and sang in almost insolent carelessness as the hired gig, which he was shrewd enough to distinguish from the conveyances of the neighboring farmers or gentry, drove past. At the bottom of the cart was a bunch of straw on which sat the smiling and antique figure of a woman dressed in the scuttle bonnet, rusty black gown and plaid worn ages ago by country folk, and grasping, as though she feared it would fall through the cart, a "reticule" or market basket well stuffed, as it seemed, with something or other.

It was not the old woman, however, who attracted the attention of the money-lender, but her companion, at sight of whom he seemed to "creep into himself" as the gig swept past the cart. Yet the rustic had nothing extraordinary in his appearance, unless it were a something that told of a roving disposition and the habits of a ne'er-

do-well, for he was one of those who spend a lifetime in wandering, and eventually drift back to their native place poorer than when they left. Whatever the cause might be, after passing the party Mr. Davis made his driver hurry on, and he looked round several times to see if the cart had turned off or was still following in the same direction. That it did, for Gracie, who was the old woman in her Sunday clothes, said as he passed, "Now, Watty, my man, we maun try and make Dobbin get on a bit faster, for as sure as I'm here it's come into my mind that's the verra man the laddle spoke about."

"If it is," replied the carter, "I've seen him before, but where I dinna mind. Only what's the use of heedin' your daft notions? Div you no think yoursel' silly now to come here on this fool's errand?"

"Eh, Wat, hinny," she replied placidly. "'Mony a time I carried you when you was desht a babbie, and mony a piece I gave you when you played wi' my laddle on the common, and maybe there's mair in awd Gracie's heid than you think now."

Meantime the money-lender, closely followed by the strange couple, had driven up to the farmhouse.

He did not let the groom unyoke the horse, but saying he intended to return almost immediately, made his way into the garden, where he had seen the farmer. But here a delay occurred, for just before he entered a large swarm had come off, and Matthew, without a hood or any other protection, was standing with a skep in his hand amid a brown cloud of humming bees. He cried to his visitor to "come away; they would not sting when they were casting;" but, as Mr. Davis began striking with his hand at the first insect that came buzzing round, a sharp pain in his cheek belied the former's words, and he rushed off to a safe distance. Elliot was not himself a very quick man, and under the circumstances was not disposed to hurry, besides being aware that steadiness and gentleness are necessary qualities in dealing with

bees. Thus, to the dismay of Mr. Davis, the farm cart had rumbled up to the door before they had done much more than begin their conversation. Who the visitor was, the carter soon learned from the man in charge of the gig, and Grace hurried away to make a third in the colloquy while Watty looked after his horse.

As the old woman came up to the shady summer-house to which the men had retired, the farmer, in a gruff manly way that meant a great deal to those who knew him, had been saying, "What's the good o' batherin' me now when I haven't it? Let the thing bide till after harvest an' you'll get paid. It's only ruinin' a man to press him at this time o' the year."

"But there are two quarters' interest not paid," the money-lender was saying. "I'm making a very fair offer. Get twenty-five pounds for me in a week and twenty-five a month after, and I'll let the rest lie over till the back end of the year when you get the money for your crops."

"I tell you it canna be done—not if I've to be broken and taken to the work-house," Matthew was beginning, when the old woman, carrying the reticule and wearing her usual smile, entered into the summer-house.

The money-lender, who had not been able to see her features in the cart, gave an almost imperceptible start and edged himself away into a corner. But the old woman paid not the slightest attention.

"Mattha, hinny," she said, as with fingers that trembled a little she began to unfasten the lid of her reticule, "you and your wife was good friends to me and my bairn when we sair needed it, and so I desht said to mysel' last night, 'Now, if the laddle was here and kenned Mattha was in trouble, what would he say?' And it was a' as quiet as quiet, you ken, desht the hoolet cryin' now and then, and the rats fustlin' below the bed. I thought I heard him say, 'Mother, you and me's hardy folk, and so you'll desht gie him what you have.' " By this time she had produced from her basket two little

sacking bags such as farmers carry samples of wheat in; and saying, "I saved and pingled it for the laddie, you ken, and I always put mair than half my wages in when it was summer; but when the laddie comes back, my dear, he'll be well to pass and think I did right," she poured the silver and copper coins into her lap and offered him them all. "It'll be mair than you need," she added simply, "but the rest 'ill help you past the harvest."

Matthew Elliot did not stop to consider that the old woman's arithmetic was as faulty as her chronology, and that the brave show of coins would really amount only to a fraction of his needs if counted in pounds; but cloaking more feeling than he would confess to, in a rough manner he said, "Put it back! Put it back, Gracie. I'd deserve to be whupped naked up and down the country if I touched a penny on't. And look you here, Mr. Davis, it's the workhouse if you like."

The money-lender was about to say something in reply, when he was interrupted by the shaggy yokel who had driven the cart, and who, having now walked up to the group after a long stare in which impudence and curiosity were blended, now exclaimed, "Dash my buttons!" in a voice that drew the attention of the whole company. Then addressing Gracie in a tone of rough ironic rafflery, he said, "I always telled you it was a fair waste o' candles, Gracie, burnin' and burnin' them at the end window as if for the last thirty years and mair the bairn had been wannerin' about the bogs and hills. Lord! here he is, and I'll wager you dinna ken him!"

The slow-witted old woman sat staring in stupid surprise, and her companion, turning to the farmer, said, "She's donnart, but you mind her lad had a scar on his neck. Look, there it is as plain as a tarry cross on a sheep's back. Oh, you needna hide it," for the man had almost involuntarily made a motion to pull up the collar of his coat.

"It's all a lie," cried the money-lender, losing his ordinary composure; and the old woman too, recovering

from her surprise, said, "Did you think you knew him better than his own mother, Wat? The laddie 'll be a yald young man now, but no so far on in years as this gentleman, and he was a bonny bairn. You're only makin' fun o' the awd bondager."

But Wat stuck to his point, and planting himself at the door of the summer-house to prevent the money-lender from carrying out a very obvious intention to retire, related what he knew of him. His account may be condensed into a few sentences. In his roving youth he had been thrown into the society of many questionable characters for whose plunder Davis, during his early connection with the pawnshop, had acted as "fence." Thus he had known him in later years than any of his neighbors, and, as he said, would have recognized him at once but for the change of names which had puzzled him for a moment. "I'm no the man to turn tale-pyot," he ended, "but I ken them could lay Jock Nesbit in quod any day." Then he whispered to Mat, "Let's get the hinds and dip him in the horse-pond."

The farmer, however, would not listen to this proposal, but even pushed the carter aside as he tried to obstruct Nesbit, or Davis, who, with a hideous attempt to smile, turned to go away with the excuse that he had a call to make elsewhere. "And you, my friend," he said, addressing his accuser, "have made a sad mistake; but you seem very poor, and if a few shillings—or even a pound," fumbling in his pocket—but Wat told him scornfully "to keep his dirty money, only if he troubled Mat Elliot further he would have his hand in the ple whatever it cost."

Glad to get off so easy, the money-lender replied, as he hurried off, "Certainly he had never meant to harass Mr. Elliot, and would take the money just when it was convenient," and he gave the horse-pond a wide berth, for the man looked as if he would enjoy pushing him in. "He never said come to his own mother," the honest carter indignantly exclaimed as the gig drove off.

As to Grace, she was mechanically replacing her money in the two little bags, and she was very quiet all the way home, but the curious thing was that she rose next morning with the conviction that the proceedings of the day before had either been only part of a bad dream, or a cantrip of Watty's. The hopes and thoughts of a lifetime soon reasserted themselves, and when I saw her long afterwards in her green lichened wayside cottage, she still kept a light burning all night, at the end window, and on my asking why, replied in a voice grown plaintive with age, "Div you no ken it's for the laddie? He went away when he was fowerteen, my dear, and I'm sure he'll come back if it's only to put his mother i' the mools. And the things I've made, and the stockin's I've knitted are a' kept for him, hinny. There wasna a bonnier bairn in the parish, and he'll be a yald young man now. Wat fair gliffed me yince wi' sayin' an awd skinney man frae the sooth was him; but it was desht his joky way. So the laddie's sure to come back, and if there's only ae light burnin' he'll ken it's his mother's."

P. ANDERSON GRAHAM.

From Temple Bar.

"THE QUEEN OF THE DESERT."

Kinglake, in perhaps the most fascinating book of travel ever written, says, "In one of the drawers which were the delight of my childhood, along with attas of roses and fragrant wonders from Hindostan, there were letters carefully treasured, and trifling presents which I was taught to think valuable, because they had come from the Queen of the Desert, who dwelt in tents and reigned over Arabs."

This mysterious monarch was Lady Hester Stanhope, who had formerly been known to the family of Kinglake's mother as "an intrepid girl who used to break their vicious horses for them," and of whom, in her later years, a *Quarterly* reviewer has given the following excellent pen-and-ink portrait:—

The granddaughter of Lord Chatham, she had all his spirit and his fire, much of his penetrating quickness, some of his fancy, not a few of his eccentricities. She was not well informed, for, though she had read a good deal, her reading had been very desultory; and though she had lived with some of the ablest men of her day, she had mingled in their conversation with an overweening confidence in her own powers, little likely to make her a docile auditor or a careful storer-up of what she might hear. For many of the latter years of her singular life she neither read nor conversed with those who had. . . . But in the great faculty of seeing clearly into character she excelled to the last, and was seldom mistaken, unless her temper or her prejudice dug pitfalls for her judgment. Her courage was undaunted at all times; her patience and fortitude far greater than such a temperament could have easily made credible; her pride towering, like that of all her house; her honor, like theirs, pure from every stain; her generosity so boundless as to spurn all the limits which her means prescribed.

Lady Hester's reputation for munificence, grandeur, and courage had spread so widely during her travels in the East, in the early years of this century, that the emir of Damascus and the chiefs of the Druses formally requested her to visit their respective dominions.

Lady Hester's acceptance of these invitations caused her European companions some uneasiness. At that time the inhabitants of Damascus were fierce fanatics, who permitted native Christians to inhabit only one special quarter of the town, and forbade their riding on horseback or wearing gay attire. That an infidel, a woman—wearing a dress in Eastern eyes distinctively masculine—should make a sort of royal progress through its sacred streets, libations of coffee being poured

<sup>1</sup> This is an abstract of the detailed description of her riding attire: a short satin vest, with long open sleeves, fastened with a single button at the throat; a red cloth jacket trimmed with gold lace, large loose trousers of the same cloth embroidered with gold, and over all a silky-looking white burnouse with a hood and pendant tassels. "If I ever looked well in anything," wrote Lady Hester, "it was in the Asiatic dress."

on the road as she passed along, was an unprecedented thing.

But Lady Hester did not know what timidity meant, and her natural dignity so charmed the natives that after her first ride all terrors were set at rest. Her state visit to the pasha delighted her attendants:—

"Your ladyship's reception was very grand," said her janissary.

"Yes," she replied, "but this is all vanity."

"Oh, *khanum*! You carry the splendor of royalty on your forehead, with the humility of a dervish in your heart!"

It was, however, the expedition to Palmyra to which Lady Hester's thoughts, haunted by the prediction which in her youth had promised her vast Eastern sovereignty, most persistently turned. Her anticipations caused some amusement to Mr. Bruce, who was travelling with her, and who wrote to General Oakes:—

If Lady Hester succeeds in this undertaking she will have the merit of being the first European female who has ever visited this once celebrated city. Who knows but she may prove another Zenobia, and restore its ancient splendor? Perhaps she may form a matrimonial connection with Ebn Seoud, the great chief of the Wahabees! He is not represented as a very lovable object, but, making love subservient to ambition, they may unite their arms and shake the throne of the sultan to its very centre.

Lady Hester's first intention was to engage a body of Turkish troops as her escort. But Nasar, son of the emir of the Anizys, one of the more important Desert tribes, visited her to request that she would place herself under the protection of the Bedouins only; in that case pledging their honor for her safety, but refusing permission to the soldiers to cross the desert.

As a preliminary step the dauntless woman rode literally alone to the tent of the Emir Mahannah, conducted by a Bedouin guide, and had an interview with the robber chief, in which she so charmed him by her courage and courtesy that he promised her his royal assistance in her explorations. Mean-

time, there was great excitement stirring amongst the tribes, and, considering their predatory habits, the promised safeguard for Lady Hester was likely to be no mere form—a rumor having been spread that an English princess, who rode on a mare worth forty purses, with housings and stirrups of gold, and for whom the treasurer of the English sultan told out every day one thousand sequins, was about to pay a visit to Tadmûr; and that she had in her possession a book which instructed her where treasures were to be found, and a small bag of leaves of a certain herb which could transmute stones into gold.

Lady Hester's cavalcade, when after many delays and negotiations it quitted Damascus, was an imposing one; her own party consisted of twenty-five horsemen; she was escorted by a tribe of Bedouins headed by a prince's son, carrying long lances, plumed with ostrich feathers, their hair floating in ringlets over their necks, and their mouths covered with gay colored "keffiyahs;" and the tents, provisions and water for the party were carried by nearly forty camels. The sentry at the door of Lady Hester's tent was a gigantic black slave, armed with a battle-axe. The tedium of the journey was beguiled by the Bedouins with sham fights, and the recitations of two bards whom they had brought with them.

The journey occupied a week, Palmyra being reached through the "Valley of the Tombs," a colonnade which extended for four thousand feet from the Temple of the Sun. The mournful grandeur of this half-ruined avenue must have been somewhat marred by a pantomimic effect arranged by the Palmyrenes as a welcome to their distinguished guest. On the projecting pedestal of each of the pillars, formerly adorned by statues, stood beautiful girls holding garlands, and a row of six was ranged before the gate of the arch which closed the colonnade. As Lady Hester passed each column the girls sprang from their perches—six feet high—waved their garlands and



danced by her side, whilst "bearded elders" chaunted a song of praise and welcome.

In some letters to Sir H. Williams Wynn, Lady Hester shows what an impression this reception made on her. Writing from Latakia, on June 30th, 1813, she says:—

Without joke, I have been crowned Queen of the Desert, under the triumphal arch at Palmyra . . . they all paid me homage. If I please I can now go to Mecca *alone*—I have nothing to fear. I am the Pearl, the Lion, the Sun, the Star, the Light from Heaven. I shall soon have as many names as Apollo. I am quite wild about the people, and all Syria is in astonishment at my courage and success. To have spent a month with some thousand Bedouin Arabs is no common thing. For three days they plagued me sadly, and all the party, excepting Bruce, almost insisted on returning. The servants were frightened out of their wits, the dragoman could not speak—he had quite lost his head. All the people about me were *chosen* rascals, and having primed a fellow who was once with the French army in Egypt, I rode dash into the middle of them. I made my speech—that is to say, I acted and the man spoke. It so surprised and charmed them that they became as harmless as possible.

In these very characteristic letters, she alludes to the prophecy of Brothers,<sup>1</sup> and says that forty thousand men are all ready to draw their swords for her.

I spent a week [she writes] with *my people* in their tents, and marched three days with them. I had previously disarmed my servants, saying I put myself into the hands of God and the great Emir, which answered admirably, for I did not

<sup>1</sup> Later Metta, an old man who from 1815 acted as a sort of steward to Lady Hester, was more circumstantial in the prophecies which he professed to read from a mysterious volume, to the effect that "a European female would come and live on Mount Lebanon, would build a house there, and obtain power and influence greater than a sultan's; that the coming of the Mahdi would follow; that he would ride a horse born saddled, and that a woman would come from a far country to take part in the mission." When Metta died he bequeathed his three children to "My Lady, the Syt." She took charge of them all, and put them into good positions, not even discarding one who proved dissipated and troublesome.

lose the value of a para, and was treated with the greatest kindness and respect. I was dressed as a Bedouin, ate with my *hands* (not *fingers*), and rode surrounded by one hundred lances. What a sight it is at night to see horses, mares, and camels repair to the tents! No one can have an idea of it who has not seen it. This morning twelve thousand camels belonging to one tribe were taken to drink at once. . . . I respect poverty and independence [she continues]. I am an example that it succeeds in some parts of the world. For if your very self-important uncle was to come here, and snort to the right and the left, he would do nothing either with the Turks or Arabs. To command is to be really great. To have talents is to talk sense without a book in one's hand; and to have manners is to be able to accommodate one's self to the customs and tastes of others, and to make them either fear or love you.

A battle had been fought between the Anizys and the Feadars near Salonica, and Lady Hester, she tells her correspondent, went over the field of battle:—

It was to make an experiment, to try my influence. Going like a thief in the dark as *you* did, fearing the Bedouins at the right and left, is abominable. The thing is to look round one, free as the air of the desert, to observe something like a flight of crows at a distance—to look proudly that way, move your hand, and in one instant see fifty lances spring in your defence; to see them return, exclaiming "*Schab*"—friends!

Yet she was perfectly aware of the risks she ran, for after saying that she had the Dillas and the Arabs "under her thumb," she adds:—

But there is one thing I must make you aware of; to laugh with the Arabs is to be lost. For, though they avoid shedding blood themselves, they have black slaves who are devils, kept for the purpose when necessary, who are armed with a shocking crooked knife tied round their neck to rip up people, and a hatchet under their pelisse to cut off heads. These people are much more difficult to manage than the Arabs themselves, as they are so mercenary and so bloody-minded if they take a dislike to a person.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Diaries of a Lady of Quality*. Edited by Abraham Hayward. Longmans, 1864, pp. 336-38.



It is clear from the narrative of Dr. Meryon, the physician in Lady Hester's train, that both Mahannah and Nasar repeatedly tested Lady Hester's courage during this expedition, and had she shown the smallest symptom of panic, the consequences might have been serious.

In spite of the unfailing bravery and energy with which Lady Hester encountered fatigue and privation, she was, her doctor says, always suffering. "Her spirit, rather than her physical powers supported her. Her pursuit was indeed health, but the phantom fled before her."

Faith in the Eastern climate, an imagination keenly awake to the charm of the ancient lands, and a growing delight in her power over wild tribes and native rulers,<sup>1</sup> combined to induce Lady Hester to remain in Syria. Her first permanent residence was the half-ruined monastery of Mar Elias, on Mount Lebanon, the only remaining relic of its former inhabitants being the body of the late patriarch, which, according to local tradition, had been embalmed and buried, seated in an armchair, within a recess in the wall of the chapel. The monastery commanded a wide view of the sea two miles away.

About the time of Lady Hester's settlement in Mar Elias, she had a severe attack of ague, and on her recovery, her character, says her biographer, "changed deeply. She became simple in her habits, almost to cynicism. She showed in her actions and her conversation a mind severe indeed, but powerfully vigorous. She commented on men and things as if the motives of human action were open to her vision, and sometimes looked into futurity like the Sibyl of old." And he calls on her corre-

spondents to testify to the prophetic value of many of her letters.

At this time Lady Hester had no horses or grooms, and her sole exercise was taken on a small ass, which she rode daily. To add to the natural isolation of their position, the Europeans had to provision and fortify themselves, as though in a state of siege, as a protection against the encroachments of the plague. And they had no books! Their life, varied only by helping and doctoring the ignorant natives, or by the rarest flying visit from a passing traveller, or the officers of a ship touching at Sayda (the ancient Sidon), must have been monotony itself, and when the plague abated a visit was projected to Meshenûshy, a village surrounded with vineyards, olive-grounds, and lavender gardens.

This seems to have revived Lady Hester's love of travel, but she determined to protest against what she considered neglect and financial ill-usage on the part of her relations, by making her expeditions with what she considered the smallest retinue possible, consisting of fifteen baggage mules, and herself, her doctor, dragoman, and thirteen servants, all mounted on asses. She thought, by assuming the mode of travelling common to only the poorest pilgrims who traverse Syria on their way to Jerusalem, to call the attention of the consuls and merchants of the towns through which she passed to her deserted condition, imagining that a report of it would reach England.

Lady Hester was always excessively angry at not being liberally supplied with money by her relatives and the English government, forgetting that her pension may not unnaturally have seemed to them a sufficient provision for a woman with no claims upon her but such as she voluntarily adopted. Yet even the sordid subject of money disputes was invested by her with picturesqueness and dignity:—

A young *Seyd*, a friend of mine [she wrote], when riding one day in a solitary part of the mountain, heard the echo of a strange noise in the rocks. He got off

<sup>1</sup> "The influence Lady Hester enjoyed in Syria, during the first years of her residence there," says Dr. Meryon, "was the consideration accorded to a person of high descent and connections who had made a great figure in England. . . . But when her extraordinary talents came to be known, and it was observed that pashas and great men valued her opinion and feared her censure, she obtained a positive weight in the affairs of the country on her own account."

his horse to see what it was. To his surprise, he saw in a hollow of the rock an old eagle, quite blind, and unfledged by age. Perched by the eagle he saw a carrion crow, feeding him. If the Almighty thus provides for the blind eagle, he will not forsake me; and the carrion crow may look down with contempt upon your countrymen.

One of the places visited—one might say invaded—by Lady Hester during this expedition, was the monastery of Mar Antanius (St. Anthony), who had a great reputation for miraculous cures of epilepsy and lunacy, and equally miraculous manifestations of his wrath against any one or anything female that ventured into his vicinity, he having evidently hated the sex with a hatred worthy of Moore's "good Saint Kevin." Even the neighboring hens were cooped up, lest they should stray within the sacred precincts. This determined exclusion of her own sex made Lady Hester equally resolved to enter; so on reaching the neighborhood she sent a message to the superior of the Maronite Monks inviting him to dine with her and the sheiks who escorted her in the refectory of the monastery itself! The exquisite coolness of this proceeding carried the day, and in spite of a brief struggle with the more fanatic section of the monks, Lady Hester rode right into the great hall on her she-ass, and the banquet was held, many of those who looked on expecting to see the stone open and engulf the sacrilegious intruder.

On Lady Hester's return to Mar Elias she received a visit from Derwish Aga, "a Zaym deputed to invest Lady Hester with greater authority over the Turks than was probably ever granted to any European ambassador." This was in the matter of an enormous amount of money and jewels said to have been buried in various places by the Pasha el Gezzâr. Dr. Meryon thinks that the desire to test the accuracy of this rumor was one of Lady Hester's inducements to remain in the East. A document was sent to her, said to have been surreptitiously copied by a monk, indicating the spots in Ascalon, Awgy,

and Sidon, where the treasure would be found, and she applied to the Sublime Porte for permission to dig for it, promising to hand over to the Turkish government everything of value which might be disinterred and to retain only the glory of discovery for herself. In reply she now received three firmans addressed to the pashas of Acre and Damascus and the Syrian governors in general, empowering Lady Hester to demand whatever assistance she might require for the prosecution of her purpose. This showed most flattering confidence in her; but the question of funds had next to be considered. Her income scarcely sufficed for her ordinary expenditure, which she had greatly exceeded on her recent tour. She therefore resolved to "oblige" the English government to finance her, on the ground of the lustre she was about to throw on the English name.

I shall beg of you [she said to Dr. Meryon] to keep a regular account of every article, and will then send in my bill to government. If they refuse to pay me I shall expose them in the newspapers. If Sir A. Paget put down the cost of his servants' liveries after his embassy to Vienna, and made Mr. Pitt pay him £70,000 for three years, I cannot see why I should not do the same!

The first place at which, early in 1815, excavations were made was Ascalon, to which Lady Hester proceeded with an escort of soldiers; the peasantry, in compliance with the imperial firman, furnishing laborers, whose toils she superintended, sometimes sitting in her tent, sometimes riding to the scene of action on her ass, and always hailed with acclamations. For fourteen days the work went on, with a result which may be briefly summarized in a passage from one of her letters to Lord Bathurst:—

The mosque in which the treasure was said to be hidden was no longer standing. After having traced out the foundation walls, we came to the underground fabric we were looking for—but, alas! it had been rifled. It was, as nearly as one could calculate, capable of containing three million pieces of gold—the sum mentioned

in the document. Whilst excavating this once magnificent building we found a superb colossal statue without a head. Knowing how much it would be prized by English travellers, I ordered it to be broken into a thousand pieces, that malicious people might not say I came to look for statues for my countrymen and not for treasures for the Porte.

Other spots which had been indicated were examined with even less result, and then the dream was reluctantly abandoned. The appeal to the English government for funds was, as may be imagined, equally fruitless, and even the pilgrimages on donkey-back failed to soften the hearts and open the purses of distant relatives.

About this time Lady Hester at last succeeded in inducing the pasha of Damascus to punish the murderers of Colonel Boutin, whom she had furnished with a sort of safe-conduct through the desert some time before, but who had been attacked by the Ansârys, robbed and killed. Lady Hester insisted on the restitution of the colonel's baggage and the execution of the criminals, and she received the thanks of the French Chamber of Deputies for her exertions.

The result was very terrible for the Ansârys; fire and sword were carried into their villages; their sacred tombs were broken into; women were carried off to slavery. Yet Lady Hester, who was then at Antioch, avowed—one might even say boasted—to members of the tribe who threatened the house she occupied, that these severe reprisals were taken at her instigation, and herself took refuge in the Ansâry country when she wished to avoid a visit from Caroline, Princess of Wales.<sup>1</sup>

In 1816 Mr. Buckingham, who had been almost disabled by fever during his travels in the East, sought refuge under Lady Hester's roof, and could

<sup>1</sup> Lady Hester's success in avenging Colonel Boutin established her influence. Thenceforward she was called "the Protectress of the Unfortunate and the Almoner of the Power;" suppliants of all degrees crowded round her gates. "It was a fine sight," says Dr. Meryon, "to behold the Bedouins come and ask the protection of a woman and a stranger."

not find words warm enough to express his grateful recognition of her kindness. Thanks to Dr. Meryon's skill and Lady Hester's care, he left Mar Elias completely restored to health, and delighted with all that he saw and heard during his stay. Lady Hester herself, at that period, he describes as above the usual height, with regular and delicately-formed features, soft blue eyes, fair complexion, and an expression of pensive resignation, more like a Medora than the Gulnare she was sometimes considered. Of her home he says:—

The convent consists of a number of separate rooms in a quadrangular building that surrounds an inner court made into a flower-garden, into which the doors of all these rooms open, most of them furnished after the English manner, with carpets, tables, chairs, etc. Nothing in the house appeared unnecessary or expensive, but all that could conduce to comfort was seen in unostentatious simplicity. . . . Lady Hester rose about eight, walked in the garden and read until ten, and breakfasted in the English manner, with the addition of finer fruit than it is usual to see in London. An extensive correspondence, carried on in four or five different languages, with persons of distinction in all parts of Europe, and even in India, occupied her and her secretary for several hours in the middle of the day. Then a walk or ride was taken until sunset, followed by a dinner such as a prince might partake, yet such as the most temperate could not complain of. The evening was passed in conversation, and so powerful is my recollection of the pleasure this afforded me, that I could use no terms which would be too extravagant in its praise.<sup>2</sup>

He goes on to speak of her frankness and dignity, her greatness of mind, and extraordinary power of observation.

The veneration in which she is held by those who surround her habitation surpasses anything I remember to have met with in peregrinations through various countries of the globe. . . . It amounts almost to adoration; so that the good she does and the respect paid to her have been magnified by every successive nar-

<sup>2</sup> *Travels among the Arab Tribes East of Syria and Palestine*, by J. Silk Buckingham, Longmans 1825, pp. 410-434.

rator till they have assumed the shape of the miraculous, and surpassed the "Arabian Tales."

A Druse woman told Mr. Buckingham: "The city of Damascus, the great gate of pilgrimage, and the key to the tomb of the prophet, is taken from us. Her glory is fallen, her might cast down, and her people forever subdued. An infidel has entered her gates on horseback, and rebellion has been subdued by her beauty."

In Mr. Buckingham's pages, too, we find the coronation legend in which, as has been seen, Lady Hester herself firmly believed. An Arab of the desert told the English traveller that there was nothing he regretted so much as that he had not accompanied the princess (Lady Hester) on her journey to Palmyra, as every one who had gone with her had prospered ever since. As she passed along, he said, war was changed to peace, all the sheiks vied with each other in doing her honor, "the parched sands of the desert became verdant plains, the burning rocks became crystal streams, and the trees expanded to twice their usual size to cover her tents with shade." When she reached the Temple of the Sun, "gold and jewels were bound round her brow, and all the people did homage to her as queen, by bowing their heads in the dust." "It can excite little wonder," adds Mr. Buckingham, "that Lady Hester should choose to remain in a country where she is all but worshipped, and where she constantly exerts her great influence for the ends of public justice and private good."

Dr. Meryon had for some time wished to return to Europe, and in January, 1817, having secured a medical successor, "Mr. N.," he departed, not, he says, without great melancholy when the day arrived which separated him from a person whose exalted courage, talents, and character had gained an entire ascendancy over his mind.

Dr. Meryon's separation from Lady Hester was not for so long a period as he had anticipated, and perhaps, on some accounts, hoped. His successor

did not like Oriental life, and "at the end of a year or two," Dr. Meryon was imperatively called back by Lady Hester. "But I found," he says, "that in the mean time her ladyship had completely familiarized herself with the usages of the East, and adopted much of their medical empiricism. Under these circumstances, and at her own suggestion, I again bade her adieu, as I believed, for the last time."

He reckoned, however, without his hostess. She wanted him back, and after some correspondence at cross purposes—in which, with delightful candor, she expresses her bad opinion of his character and principles, and which, with equally charming simplicity, he prints—back he went, his return being hastened by hearing of the death of Lady Hester's faithful companion, Miss Williams, who from childhood had been a member of Mr. Pitt's household, and who had attended Lady Hester when she left England first.

Dr. Meryon was this time accompanied by his wife and children, and he made a tolerably correct forecast of the discomforts and caprices to which they were likely to be subjected. He seems, however, to have been surprised and almost frightened by the warmth of the welcome he himself received, Lady Hester kissing him on each cheek in Oriental fashion, whereas, when he had formerly been with her for seven years, "I do not recollect," he says, "that she had ever even taken my arm." Absence had evidently made her heart grow fonder; but her power of conversing, or rather haranguing, always remarkable, had also grown greater and her temper sharper, and many were the lectures, scoldings, and wrangles, that followed their reunion.<sup>1</sup>

Lady Hester was royal, Dr. Meryon tells us, both in her munificence and in

<sup>1</sup> "The marked characteristic of Lady Hester's mind was the necessity she seemed to be under of eternally talking. So long as she was awake her brain worked incessantly, and her tongue never knew a moment's repose . . . It was the tongue of a siren, always employed in misleading the hearer, and conducting him to some unexpected conclusion by a roundabout road, through a labyrinth of words."

her tyranny. To her servants she was the veriest despot. Not a soul was allowed to utter a suggestion, even on so simple a matter as driving in a nail. The gardener once dared to send word that a piece of ground which she had ordered him to prepare for planting was fit only for lettuces or beans. "Tell him," she answered vehemently, "that where I order him to dig he is to dig, and not to give his opinion of what the ground is fit for. It may be for his grave that he digs, it may be for mine; he must know nothing until I send my orders; and so bid him go about his business." Over other members of her establishment, who, like her doctor, secretary, or dragoman claimed a certain measure of freedom to do as they liked, there hung, we are told:—

A spell of a different kind, by which this modern Circe entangled people almost inextricably in her nets. A series of benefits conferred on them, an indescribable art in becoming the depository of their secrets, an unerring perception of their failings, soon left them no alternative but that of securing her protection by unqualified submission to her will.

Rush-seated chairs and unpainted deal tables, with black bone-handled knives and forks, and wine in black bottles, were amongst the interior appointments of the home of Chatham's granddaughter. Things had not, she told Dr. Meryon, been so bad until the death of Miss Williams, when she herself was long dangerously ill, and her slaves had robbed her of everything valuable, even to the covers and cushions of her sofa. For five years, after hearing of the death of her brother James, she only twice went beyond her outer door. "If I put my head outside my own court," she said, "I should certainly fall into such a passion with some of the people that it would make me ill." Yet Dr. Meryon considered Lady Hester in good health, for her, and said that in appearance she had aged very little.

Speaking of her own attire, she would say:—

"I think I look something like those

sketches of Guercino's, where you see scratches and touches of the pen round the heads and persons of his figures, so that you don't know whether it is hair or a turban, a sleeve or an arm, a mantle or a veil, which he has given them." When she was seated on the sofa, in a dim corner of the room, the similitude was very just.

And Lady Hester's general appearance at this time, according to her biographer, must have aided the resemblance.<sup>1</sup>

Latterly it became her pride to dress in rags, except on the rare occasions when she would consent to receive a guest with some ceremony; and she saved a bag of these tattered garments as evidence of the way in which her relations had left her, as she said (her language was often very forcible) "to rot," apparently forgetting that there was also evidence, in her continual outlay on building, and in her establishment, numbering nearly thirty persons, of lavish expenditure.

Lady Hester told Dr. Meryon the most appalling stories, stories such as it is impossible to quote or dwell upon, of the atrocities committed by her nearest neighbor amongst Eastern potentates, the Emir Beshyr. She was within his principality, but she abhorred and defied him. "Tell him," she said to one of his emissaries, "that he is a dog and a monster, and that, if he means to try his strength with me, I am ready." And, on another occasion, when a messenger from the emir was, according to custom, laying aside his pistols and sabre before speaking to her, she ordered him to resume them. "Don't think I am afraid of you or your master," she said. "I know not what fear is. It is for him, and those who serve him, to tremble; and tell the Emir

<sup>1</sup> "Her complexion had assumed a yellow tint, but her hands were exceedingly fair. . . . There were moments when her countenance had still something very beautiful about it. Her mouth manifested an extraordinary degree of sweetness, and her eyes much mildness. . . . Her head presented a perfect oval, of which the eyes would cover a line drawn through the centre. Her eyebrows were arched and slender; her eyes blue-grey."



Khalyt," (Beshyr's son), "that if he enters my doors I'll stab him! My people shall not shoot him, but I will stab him—I, with my own hand.<sup>1</sup>

Lady Hester [says her doctor] would often mention Mr. Pitt's opinion of her fitness for military command. . . . Never was any one so fond of wielding weapons, and of boasting of her capability of using them on a fit occasion, as she. In her bedroom or on her divan she always had a mace, which was spiked round the head, a steel battle-axe, and a dagger. But her favorite weapon was the mace; and on one occasion when she took it up, a powerful Turk of great muscular strength and a remarkable black beard, on her making a gesture as if to strike him, flew back so suddenly that he knocked down another who stood behind him, and fell himself.

For the last fifteen years of her life Lady Hester seldom left her room until two or five o'clock in the afternoon, or returned to it until the same hours the next morning. The household, however, was expected to be on the alert for incessant demands all night, and to be occupied all day:—

The hours after sunset were employed by her ladyship in giving orders and scoldings, writing letters and holding those interminable conversations which filled so large a portion of her time, and seemed so necessary to her life. When these were over she would prepare to go to bed, but always with an air of unwillingness, as if she regretted that there were no more commands to issue and nothing more she could talk about.

Lady Hester was appalling to wait upon. Everything she required had to be done three or four times over before it pleased her, and the moment her servants left her room they were rung back again. The bedroom, in which she spent so much of her time, was a chaos, being also her study, library,<sup>2</sup>

and tool-room; materials for needle work and pieces of stuff intended for presents were scattered over the floor in bundles; and a little table by her bedside generally contained a saucer of preserves, a bottle of water, a cup of cold tea, lemonade, wine, ipecacuanha lozenges, cloves, camomile tea and a pill-box. She had neither clock nor watch, saying that she could not bear anything unnatural. "The sun is for the day, and the moon and the stars are for the night, and by them I like to measure time."

Worn out with ringing, talking, and scolding, Lady Hester would sleep for a few hours, and then all would begin again, each member of her household being summoned to her bedroom to receive orders.

She would see, one after the other, her steward, her secretary, the cook, the groom, the gardener, the doctor, and, on some occasions, the whole household. Few escaped without a reproof and a scolding. Quiet was an element in which a spirit so restless and elastic could not exist. Secret plans, expresses with letters, messengers on distant journeys, orders for goods, succor and relief afforded to the poor and oppressed—these were the aliment of her active and benevolent mind.<sup>3</sup>

Her bedstead resembled a sloping couch, covered with a fur cloak, her pillows were of Turkish silk, the turban, jacket, and pelisse in which she slept closely resembled those she wore when up. Her servants would have to stand before her, says Dr. Meryon, sometimes for a whole hour, "undergoing a cross-examination worse than that of a Garrow."

I have frequently known her dictate, with the most enlarged political views, papers that concerned the welfare of a pashalik, and next moment she would descend with wondrous facility, to some trivial details about the composition of

looked into, except Tissot's '*Avis au Peuple*,' another medical book, the '*Court Calendar*,' a Bible, and a '*Domestic Cookery*.'"

<sup>3</sup> "A surer friend, a more frank and generous enemy never trod the earth. 'Show me,' she would say, 'where the poor and need are, and let the rich shift for themselves.'"

<sup>1</sup> In the "*Memoirs of a Babylonian Princess*," the Emira Asmar says: "The Queen of Tadmûr, as Lady Hester Stanhope was commonly called by all the Bedouin tribes, was on the most friendly terms with the Emir Beshyr and his family" (vol. II., p. 263). But this Dr. Meryon emphatically denies.

<sup>2</sup> "The room was seldom swept, and dust and cobwebs covered the books, which I believe she never

paint, the making of butter, doctoring a sick horse, choosing lambs, or cutting out a maid's apron. She had a finger in everything, and in everything was an adept. . . . In the same manner that she frustrated the intrigues and braved the menaces of hostile emirs and pashas did she penetrate and expose the tricks and cunning of servants and peasants, who were ever plotting to pilfer from her.

The residence in which Dr. Meryon rejoined Lady Hester was not Mar Elias, which had proved too small for her requirements (and also too near Sayda, to which her servants had an inconvenient habit of running away), but a much more solitary and straggling abode called Dar Joon, or, by Lamartine and other writers, Djoun.

Her establishment, at the time of Dr. Meryon's return, consisted of her secretary, who with his wife and children occupied a cottage in the village, her maître d'hôtel, Paolo Perini; eight black slaves (men, women, and children); a Mahometan groom, two stablemen, and nine under servants, besides workmen and other employes not resident in the house.

It distressed Dr. Meryon to see the strange mixture of lavish outlay and apparent penury at Dar Joon. With all these retainers and their own numerous hangers-on, comfort and proper attendance seemed to have become unattainable. The ceiling of Lady Hester's principal sitting-room was propped up with two unsightly spars of wood; that of her bedroom was supported by the unplanned trunk of a poplar. A maid might be seen ladling water out of a cistern with a warming-pan, and the black slave who carried in Lady Hester's tea held the teapot by the spout and the spout only.

Believing—which was really the case—that Mrs. Meryon had been largely responsible for the long delay in her husband's return to Syria, Lady Hester began with a prejudice against her which every succeeding event, great or small, only strengthened. So much did this state of things increase the inevitable discomforts and dangers of their residence in the village, that in 1831 Dr.

Meryon declared that he must take his family back to Europe. Of course this was at first violently opposed by Lady Hester, who for a time literally boycotted the unlucky family, declaring that whoever worked for them in any capacity would never be employed by her again, and enabling Dr. Meryon fully to appreciate the truth of her own saying, applied to any one who dared to thwart her—"If they want a devil let them try me, and they shall have enough of it!"

By April, however, she became to some extent reconciled to the idea of Dr. Meryon's departure, especially as he had discovered a sort of substitute in the person of "an excellent young man named Lunardi," whose care of his master he had witnessed "during professional attendance on that gentleman at Pisa."

In the course of Lady Hester's last conversations with Dr. Meryon before he left Dar Joon, she produced a list of her debts amounting to nearly £14,000, and explained how the greater part of them had been contracted. "The whole," he says, "originated in charitable and benevolent motives." Among the distressed persons whom she had assisted were Abdallah Pasha, and the wife and family of her enemy the Sheikh Beshyr. "All her debts bore interest at from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. When once she got into the nets of the money-lenders she had never been able to extricate herself."

A more ignoble cause of her embarrassments was her mania for laying in stores of food and clothes for the emergencies which her unbridled imagination was always picturing—reams of paper, bales of cloth, barrels of fruit and honey, of which every year half was eaten by mice, rats, and ants, mildewed by damp and otherwise ruined. Of course it was as useless for her physician to remonstrate with her on such waste as this, as to advise her not to be bled. She had boundless faith in this process, and would send for a barber to operate the moment Dr. Meryon left her room.

The farewell between the arbitrary

but kind-hearted "Queen of the East" and her doctor was taken over a cup of tea. "Although in bed," he says, "she did the honors as ladies do in England, sitting up and pouring out the tea, handing the cup to me, presenting me the cakes, etc., which surprised the black slaves, in a country where they are not used to see great people do anything with their own hands." She had by this time effectually buried the hatchet, and she sent *three chests* of Dr. Meryon's favorite kinds of pastry, a large quantity of "the best Gebely tobacco, and a very fine amber-headed pipe," for his delectation during the voyage home.

The next glimpse we obtain of Lady Hester is from the pen of Lamartine, who visited Dar Joon in the following year. He describes the situation of the house as one of savage and dreary grandeur. To reach it he rode beside an angry sea, and ascended mountains joined to mountains like the links of a chain—skeletons of hills which the waters and the winds have gnawed for ages. At length he reached the hill of Dar Joon, like a natural tower formed of circular layers of rock, crowned by a plateau covered with "une belle, gracieuse, et verte végétation." The habitation he describes as a confused and bizarre cluster of ten or eleven little windowless houses, containing one or two rooms on the ground floor, and divided from each other by small courts or gardens.<sup>1</sup> Lamartine was shown into a narrow, dark, scantily-

furnished cell, where he breakfasted, and reposed until summoned to the presence of his hostess. Her room was darkened, so that at first he could hardly distinguish "the noble, serious, sweet, and majestic features" of the lady who, dressed in white robes of Eastern fashion, advanced to meet him with extended hand. She appeared about fifty years old: "Freshness, bloom, grace had vanished with youth. But when the beauty of a face is that of purity of line, of dignified and thoughtful expression, it may change as life advances but can never disappear. Such is that of Lady Hester."

She told Lamartine that their stars were friendly, and offered to delineate his character and his fate by their aid, but he ungratefully declined the opportunity of enlightenment. She said (after declaring that she had never heard his name before, which must have been crushing to his vanity) that from the shape of the upper part of his face he ought to be a poet, from that of the lower a man of action; and that he had the foot of an Arab, which would draw him to the East again. He was dismissed to a solitary dinner, but soon recalled to pipes and coffee and more mystic and lofty discourse, during which he came to the conclusion that she was perfectly sane (even then considered a moot point), but that she cultivated an appearance of spiritual enthusiasm almost bordering on madness in order to cement her authority over the Arabs—"femme extraordinaire, magicienne moderne, Circe des déserts!"

Lady Hester then conducted her guest to the garden, festooned with vines laden with glistening grapes, traversed by riviulets which fell into marble fountains, and containing lawns leading to kiosks shaded by every kind of bright-hued, sweet-scented shrub and flower. Thence they passed to an inner court containing two magnificent Arabian mares, one of which was, Lady Hester declared, "the steed of prophecy," "born ready saddled," and destined to carry the Messiah. It had, in fact, says Lamartine, "un jeu de la

<sup>1</sup> This method of building, supplemented by stables, and pavilions containing trap-doors leading to flights of steps ending in gateways which opened on the hillside, had been adopted by Lady Hester with a view to succoring fugitives who, she expected, would take refuge with her during revolutions which were about to shake the world. Her asses, mules, and camels were kept principally with the same view, and her servants were taught that all their energies would be required in an approaching crisis. The capabilities of Dar Joon as a refuge were, according to her own account, fully tested after the siege of Acre. "All that remained of the wretched population fled here," she said, "and my house and the village were, for three years, the Tower of Babel. I saved many lives by my courage and determination, and I stood alone in such a storm!"

Nature assez rare pour servir l'illusion d'une crédulité vulgaire chez des peuples à demi barbares," a large and deep cavity between the shoulders somewhat resembling a Turkish saddle.<sup>1</sup>

"Point d'adieu," said Lady Hester, when Lamartine took his leave, "we shall often meet again during travels of which you do not now even dream. Remember that you are leaving a friend in the solitudes of Lebanon."<sup>2</sup> It was, perhaps, fortunate that this prediction of future meetings was unfulfilled, since to later visitors Lady Hester turned the French poet into merciless ridicule, imitating his mincing manner, and deriding the kisses and conversation which he lavished on his dog. A letter from Vicomte de Marcellus, printed as an appendix to Lamartine's book, gives a striking instance of Lady Hester's courage. The vicomte had visited her before she became such a visionary and recluse, and amongst other stories of her Eastern adventures she told him that when on her way from Damascus to see Baalbec, the Sheik Nasar, who was escorting her at the head of fifty Arabs, drew near with a troubled countenance, saying that a messenger on a dromedary had just arrived to warn him that his father (one of whose wives, Nasar said, he had carried off) was in hot pursuit. "He seeks my death, I know," the young chief added, "but you have been entrusted to my care, and I will perish rather than desert you." "Depart! Fly!" exclaimed Lady Hester, "I will remain here alone rather than see you killed by your father. I will wait for him, and try to effect a reconciliation. In any case Baalbec cannot be far off, and the sun will be my guide."

<sup>1</sup> These two favorite mares, which no one was ever suffered to mount, were called Lalla, a chestnut, and Lulu, a grey. "Lalla was exceedingly hollow-backed," says Dr. Meryon, "with a double backbone." No one was allowed to cross the enclosure devoted to their exercise, nor to stand still to look at them. Lady Hester said that when her pecuniary difficulties pressed most heavily upon her, she would have given up her house but for these beautiful creatures.

<sup>2</sup> Souvenirs et impressions pendant un voyage en Orient, par M. Alphonse de Lamartine, Paris, 1836, vo l. i., pp. 253-74.

Nasar then disappeared with his Arabs, and Lady Hester travelled on alone for an hour. Suddenly her escort reappeared with shouts of joy and admiration, and Nasar explained that the whole story had only been a test of her bravery, and that his father was waiting to receive her with due honor. The story is characteristic all round. The ruse was truly Eastern, and it was by acts in which generosity and courage were blended after this fashion that Lady Hester's influence over the Eastern nature was secured.

A guest of different caliber from Lamartine was Kinglake, to whom, in his boyhood, Lady Hester's name had been "as familiar as that of Robinson Crusoe," and who heard it again wherever he went when travelling in the Levant. "I heard it, too," he says, "connected with fresh wonders, for she was now acknowledged as an inspired being by the people of the mountain, and it was even hinted that she claimed to be *more than a prophet*." He asked and obtained permission to visit her abode, which in his eyes resembled a neglected fortress, with ill-clad and fierce-looking Albanian soldiers hanging about it, "smoking, or lying torpid on the stones like the bodies of departed brigands." The night of his arrival was dark, with rain falling heavily, and Kinglake got wet while following his guide through many open courts. At last they reached a small room with a doorway protected by a folding screen; beyond this was placed a sofa whereon sat the prophetess.

The woman before me [he says in "Eöthen"] had exactly the person of a prophetess—not the divine Sibyl of Domenichino, so sweetly distracted between Love and Mystery, but a good, business-like, practical prophetess, used to the exercise of her sacred calling. . . . The large commanding features of the gaunt woman, then sixty years old or more, reminded me of the statesman that lay dying in the House of Lords, according to Copley's picture. Her face was of the most astonishing whiteness; she wore a very large turban of pale cashmere shawls, so disposed as to hide the hair. Her dress, from the chin down to the

point at which it was concealed by the loose white drapery which she held over her lap, was a mass of white linen loosely folding—more like a surplice than any of those blessed creations which our souls love under the names of "dress" and "frock." A couple of black slave-girls came at a signal, and supplied their mistress and myself with lighted tchibouques<sup>1</sup> and coffee.

Some questions about old friends were asked and answered. Then:—

The spirit of the prophetess kindled within her, and presently (though with all the skill of a woman of the world) she shuffled away the subject of poor dear Somersetshire, and bounded onward into loftier spheres of thought. . . . For hours and hours this wondrous white woman poured forth her speech, for the most part concerning sacred and profane mysteries.<sup>2</sup> But every now and then she would stay her lofty flight, and swoop down upon the world again; whenever this happened, I was interested in her conversation.

Some whimsical speculations of Monckton Milnes's concerning the future of the gypsies, "which, though they plainly sprung from the inventive brain of a poet, no one had been so odiously statistical as to attempt to contradict," happily occurred to Mr. Kinglake, and so fascinated Lady Hester that he says, "when she had received a few more proofs of my aptness for the marvellous, she went so far as to say that she would adopt me as her élève in occult science." She told her reluctant pupil-elect that she never looked at a book or newspaper, but trusted alone to the stars for her sublime knowledge; she passed the nights communing with these heavenly teachers, and reposed during the day.

<sup>1</sup> Her doctor describes Lady Hester as a great smoker; her bedroom often filled with clouds of smoke, and its draperies perforated by burning ashes from her pipe.

<sup>2</sup> Dismal stories are told of this portentous power of talk. "I," says her hapless doctor, "have sat listening for eight, ten, nay, twelve or thirteen hours at a time! Mr. Way remained from three o'clock one afternoon till dawn next morning tête-à-tête with her; and Lady Hester once kept Mr. N. so long in discourse that he fainted away." No wonder Mr. N. soon expressed a wish to return to Europe.

Magic mirrors and divining-rods were as familiar to her hands as cups and saucers, and she scorned all every-day magic such as Ibrahim Pasha exercised, when he carried a charmed life into battle, and after the fiercest struggle "loosened the folds of his shawl, and shook out the bullets like dust."

Lady Hester also tried to convert Kinglake to her own peculiar religious views, striving to impress him with the falsity of all established creeds, and with a sense of her own spiritual greatness, "skilfully insinuating, without actually asserting, her heavenly rank." She read his character by a close scrutiny of his features; and advised him to dispose of his property in Europe, which was threatened with gigantic convulsions, and to establish himself in Asia. She concluded by saying that, after leaving her, the traveller would go into Egypt, but would soon return to Syria.

I secretly smiled at this last prophecy as a "bad shot" [says Kinglake], for I had fully determined, after visiting the Pyramids, to take ship from Alexandria for Greece. But men struggle vainly in the meshes of their destiny. The unbeliever Cassandra was right after all. The plague came, and the necessity of avoiding the quarantine to which I should have been subjected if I had sailed from Alexandria, forced me to alter my route. I went into Egypt, and stayed there for a time, then crossed the desert once more, and came back to the mountains of the Lebanon, exactly as the prophetess had foretold.

Kinglake liked Lady Hester's society best, however, when she was, "no longer the prophetess, but the sort of woman that you sometimes see, I am told, in London drawing-rooms—cool, unsparing of enemies, full of audacious fun, and saying the downright things that the sheepish society around her is afraid to utter."<sup>3</sup> Yet he appreciated the grander side of her nature; referring to the Albanian soldiers already mentioned, he says:—

<sup>3</sup> This artless "I am told," from the intimate friend of "Our Lady of Bitterness," mentioned in his prefatory letter, is exquisite.



In truth, this half-ruined convent, guarded by the proud heart of an English gentlewoman, was the only spot throughout all Syria and Palestine, in which the will of Mehemet Ali and his fierce lieutenant was not the law. More than once had the pasha of Egypt commanded that Ibrahim should have the Albanians delivered up to him, but this white woman of the mountain (grown classical, not by books, but by very pride) answered only with a disdainful invitation to "come and take them." Whether it was that Ibrahim was acted upon by any superstitious dread of interfering with the prophethood (a notion not at all incompatible with his character as an able Oriental commander), or that he feared the ridicule of putting himself into collision with a gentlewoman, he certainly never ventured to attack the sanctuary, and so long as Chatham's granddaughter breathed a breath of life there was always this one hillock, and that, too, in the midst of a most populous district, which stood out and kept its freedom. Mehemet Ali used to say, I am told, that the Englishwoman had given him more trouble than all the insurgent people of Syria and Palestine.<sup>1</sup>

Kinglake received some curious confidences from Lady Hester's secretary, the only European in her service except her doctor:—

He was an Italian, and preserved more signs of European dress and pretensions than his medical fellow-slave,<sup>2</sup> who had sunk into the complete Asiatic, and condescended accordingly to the performance of even menial services, had adopted the common faith of the neighboring people, and become a firm and happy believer in the divine power of his mistress. Not so the secretary; when I had strolled with him to a distance from the building, which rendered him safe from being overheard by human ears, he told me, in a hollow voice trembling with emotion, that there were times in which he doubted the divinity of Milëdi. I said nothing to encourage the poor fellow in that frightful state of scepticism.

Kinglake was of opinion that these

<sup>1</sup> Eöthen; or, *Traces of Travel brought home from the East*, by Alexander William Kinglake, 1844, pp. 136, 137.

<sup>2</sup> "Lunardi," says Dr. Meryon, "seems to have passed himself off as a medical man to the author of 'Eöthen.' This assumption of a diploma is not unusual in Turkey.

doubts were shared by Lady Hester herself.

Her unholy claim to supremacy in the spiritual kingdom was, no doubt, the suggestion of fierce and inordinate pride, most perilously akin to madness, but I am quite sure that the mind of the woman was too strong to be easily overcome by even this potent feeling. I plainly saw that she was not an unhesitating follower of her own system, and I even fancied that I could distinguish the brief moments during which she contrived to believe in herself from those long and less happy intervals in which her own reason was too strong for her.

Lady Hester's religious opinions were usually expressed with the same quaint mixture of homely illustration and wild imagination as marked her utterances on other subjects. She believed in the Christian revelation, but added to it largely, and was adroit in seizing on phrases which might seem, literally interpreted, to support her theories. "My religion is to try to do as well as I can in God's eyes," she declared. "I try to do the best I can." But to this simple profession of faith she added a belief that the elements are filled with spirits watching over and guiding the actions of men. She also expected two resurrections, "for the Scripture mentions somewhere the first resurrection, and people don't talk of their first wife unless they have had a second."

Lady Hester's secretary also told Kinglake that his mistress was at that period greatly disliked by the surrounding people because of her exactions; and this was borne out by the way in which Lady Hester spoke of her neighbors:—

But in Eastern countries hate and veneration are very commonly felt for the same object, and being "respected" amongst Orientals carries with it a clear right to take your neighbors' corn, his cattle, his eggs, and his honey, and almost anything that is his, except his wives. This law was acted upon by the Princess of Djoun, and her establishment

<sup>3</sup> "God is my friend—that is enough," she said. "And if I am to see no happiness in this world, my share of it, I trust, will be greater in the next, if I am firm in the execution of those principles which He has inspired me with."

was supported by contributions apportioned amongst the nearest of the villages.

In 1835 Miss Wynn met Mr. Davidson, a traveller just returned from the East, who said that Lady Hester's influence had narrowed, though she still possessed arbitrary power over her own small district. The decrease in her authority he attributed partly to her inability to ride amongst the tribes as she did in earlier years,<sup>1</sup> but more to the weight of debt which prevented her from spending among them the income she derived from England.<sup>2</sup>

During the same year an anonymous friend wrote to Miss Wynn from Alexandria on the same subject.

The consul here has seen a correspondence between Lady Hester and Lady Georgiana Wolff, each laying claim to be the bride of the Messiah, whose coming they expect shortly, and in the mean time calling each other by every bad name under the sun. Lady Hester has had a great fight with the pasha, having taken it into her head to protect seventy-six rich Arab families, and exempt them from the payment of taxes. . . . The pasha has given up the point, being unwilling to create a disturbance among his Syrian subjects, who consider her mad, and therefore holy. She is over head and ears in debt, and kept entirely by the Arabs.

The writer goes on to say that Lady Hester's whim at that particular time is to see none but French people, and that a Duchesse de Plaisance and her daughter are staying at Dar Joon, the former only recently released from a lunatic asylum.

They dress in white trousers worn under a gown of the same color, with enormous sleeves, and wear white calico hats, which end in a high-peaked crown. A Frenchman lives with Lady Hester, and he is, somehow or other, soon to be the Messiah. They are always fighting as to

which is to be the greatest personage amongst them. One of these quarrels is said to have ended thus: "Vous, madame! Vous la première! Je vous ferai placer dans ma cuisine!" . . . Colonel Campbell has written to Lord Stanhope to say, that unless Lady Hester's enormous debts are paid she must leave the country, as he will otherwise apply to our government to stop the payment of her pension, and apply the amount to the discharge of her debts.<sup>3</sup>

It was these money difficulties, primarily, which induced Lady Hester, in 1837, again to recall her physician, after their second parting "forever." She made so touching an appeal to his friendship, and expressed so great a need for his advice and assistance in her difficulties, that he could not resist her, and in May he once more started for the Lebanon, and once more his wife accompanied him. For which brave act Mrs. Meryon deserves much credit, remembering the panics she suffered during her first residence in that region—not the least, by any means, being those inspired by Lady Hester herself.

The list of articles Dr. Meryon was ordered to take out for the Queen of the Desert reminds one of that sent by Coleridge to his friend Cottle on taking possession of his Clevedon cottage; for it includes "six cups and saucers, a toast rack, two milk jugs, some phials and corks, and a few scrubbing-brushes." A curious assortment of requirements for the great princess who was said by her Eastern worshippers to move about her domains carrying a vase of huge Oriental pearls not so white as her beautiful hands!

On arriving at Beyrout Dr. Meryon engaged as cook a man named Cabdoor, who could speak French, and in that language made a discouraging forecast of the future position of affairs.

Ah [he exclaimed], it will be just as it was six years ago, my mistress crying, my lady emportée, and my master trying to satisfy both. He will have one woman saying one thing in one ear, and the other woman saying the contrary in the other

<sup>1</sup> Lady Hester herself observed, long before, "the Arabs think people who cannot ride absolute fools;" and she also thought that the keen and very long sight, for which she was remarkable when she first took up her abode in the East, added to her influence.

<sup>2</sup> In addition to her pension an annuity of £1500 was left her by her half-brother, James Stanhope.

<sup>3</sup> *Diaries of a Lady of Quality*, edited by Abraham Hayward, Longmans, 1864, pp. 266-341.

ear. Well! he will be a clever gentleman if he reconciles them!

Dr. Meryon settled his family and servants in Lady Hester's old house, Mar Elias, and then presented himself at Dar Joon, where, to his infinite astonishment, he found that the most influential member of the establishment was an ex-sailor, porter, fisherman, etc., called Hassan el Logmagi, or the diver, from his skill in diving for sponges. "He was," Dr. Meryon says, "a handsome boatswain—boisterous, shrewd, rough, uneducated, and a keen judge of the dark side of human nature." Lady Hester had taken him into her household in 1832, and it was a constant astonishment to those around her that he remained there so long, when better people had such short shrift. But it was useless for any one to speculate on her motives. She used to say that if two people were placed in her room all day long, one on one side, one on the other, she would transact her business in their presence, so that they should be no wiser than if they were a mile off. "Her intentions," she said, "were pure. But God only was the judge of that, and she cared not a fig what men thought."

Logmagi held many rather indeterminate offices, and was a terror to the other domestics, whom he kept in order with the Kourbâsh, telling his mistress that nothing but punishment would ensure her the smallest attention—a doctrine much after her own heart. Yet "she bestowed with one hand while she tyrannized with the other," and these "mixed extremities of kindness and severity," says Dr. Meryon, "produced a strange effect upon her servants. I never knew one of them who, after a time, did not wish to leave her service, or who, having left it, did not wish to return."

A tragic fate attended another proposed member of Lady Hester's strange household. An Italian lady was engaged to fill poor Miss Williams's post as housekeeper, but she had sunstroke during her journey, went mad on her arrival at Beyrout, and, despite all the efforts of Dr. Meryon, who hastened to

her assistance, died in little more than a week.

The personage rather flippantly alluded to by Miss Wynn's correspondent as "somehow or other to be the Messiah" (his spiritual pretensions must have been wildly exaggerated by rumor) was an old Frenchman, General Loustaunau, living, not at Dar Joon, but at Mar Elias. He had been supported by Lady Hester for more than twenty years, and of course they had quarrelled repeatedly during that time, but no amount of provocation would induce her to cast him off. He was generally known as the Prophet, from his conviction that he had a special gift of interpreting Biblical prophecies, over which he continually pored. Lady Hester had appointed a maldservant to wait on the old man; but, there being some reason to suspect that she neglected her duty, Dr. Meryon one day discovered Lady Hester with the floor of her room covered with turnips, carrots, cabbages, plates, knives and forks, and many other kitchen appurtenances:—

See [she exclaimed] what I am reduced to! Ever since daylight have I been handling pots and pans to make the Prophet comfortable. For on whom can I depend? On these cold people? a pack of stocks and stones, who rest immovable amidst their fellow-creatures' sufferings! I'll have that woman turned out of the village!

Loustaunau, if his own reminiscences at eighty years old are to be believed, had been a man of adventures, which included some remarkable fighting *en amateur* amongst the Mahrattas against the English, after which he attached himself to the army, and was soon made general by the rajah. He married the daughter of a French officer, and after strange experiences in several countries, found his way to Syria, with his Bible under his arm, almost begging bread. A man both martial and mystic naturally appealed to Lady Hester's sympathies. He was, moreover, according to Dr. Meryon, handsome, intellectual, and bold as a lion; "and when

in anger had the expression of that noble animal." His patroness did not confine her kindness to himself. She sent large sums of money to his family in France, educated one of his daughters, and when, in 1825, one of his sons, a captain in Napoleon's Imperial Guard, paid his father a visit, she resolved to furnish him with funds to recover possession of a village in the Mahratta country, which had been given to the general by the grateful Scindia. The captain, however, caught a fever, neglected the necessary precautions, and died. He was buried in Lady Hester's garden, in a tomb "ornamented with flowering shrubs, and entirely shaded by a beautiful arbor."

The poor old father could never be convinced that his son was dead. For the last five or six years of the Prophet's dependence on Lady Hester they did not even meet, but her goodness to him never failed, and when they were more than ordinarily at variance she had recourse to expedients of the most romantic delicacy to spare his feelings when sending him supplies of money.

During this autumn Lady Hester's cough became much worse, and she believed that she had asthma, and nervously avoided even "the balmy Syrian air," to which she had so long looked for recovery. With a sad forecasting of the future, "She raised her hands to heaven and wept." "Her weeping," says Dr. Meryon, "was not woman-like. It was a wild howl most painful to hear. She was not made of the stuff for tears. If Bellona could ever have wept, she must have wept in this way."

Oh [she would exclaim], if these horrid servants would but do as they are told! . . . Were I well I should not care for a thousand of them, but sick as I am, hardly able to raise my hand to ring the bell, if anything were to happen to me I might die, and nobody would come to my assistance. . . . To look at me now, what a lesson against vanity! Look at this arm, all skin and bone, so thin—so thin that you might see through it; and once, without exaggeration, so rounded that you could not pinch the skin up.

If they were not so exceedingly sad, remembering the brilliance of Lady Hester's youth, many of the records of her later years would be irresistibly funny. At one moment she would begin to dictate letters to the queen and her ministers on the vexed question of her pension, at the next would revile Dr. Meryon because, after the loss of a silver spoon, he declined to have all his servants flogged in order to discover the thief. "How," she would cry, "am I to live with such a man as you, who cannot say Bo! to a goose?" She would call on him to endorse her wildest statements, such as that serpents with human heads inhabited a cave near Tarsus, or that the buried Crusaders were not dead, but merely in a trance, awaiting the second resurrection—or bring him sharply down to earth with a groan of "*This is your fine Oxford education!*" when she found that he had been addressing a letter to "His Grace the Duke of Wellington, K.G.," all on one line.

Then she would give a deep sigh, in despair to think that a letter should go forth from her hands so different from those of the days when she reigned in Downing Street, co-equal with Mr. Pitt. Now it was a rickety card-table, a rush-bottomed chair, a white pipeclay inkstand, wax that would not be used in a counting-house, and both the sultana and her vizir fitting their spectacles on their noses, equally blind, equally old, and almost equally ailing.

Lady Hester's belief in planetary influences is well known; animal magnetism, she said, was nothing but the sympathy of our stars.

Some can only do well when under the guidance of another person's star. What was Lord Grenville without Mr. Pitt? Sir Francis Burdett has never been good for anything since Horne Tooke's death. When Napoleon cast Josephine off, his good luck left him. . . . There are animals, too, under the same star as human beings. . . . I have a little angel under my command—the angel of my star. Such a sweet little creature. Not like those foolish ones who are fiddling in Italian pictures. What fools painters are, to think angels are made so!

These conversations, or rather monologues, when they descended from such realms of fancy and turned on political complications, the fall of empires, wars and rumors of war, uttered while tempests howled without, in a room dimly lit by one candle, so placed as to leave Lady Hester's face in an obscurity increased by the fumes from her pipe, reminded Dr. Meryon of "the inspired oracles of the Delphic Priestess." He laments that he can never convey the full effect of her utterances, so greatly was it enhanced by her manner and look. "After being deeply impressed by her discourse," he says, "I have gone from her and immediately written it, word for word, but it never seemed to me the same thing." "Thoughts come into my head," she would tell him, "as wind comes in at the window."

Dr. Meryon often had to read aloud to Lady Hester. At least he would begin to read aloud, but the second or third sentence generally served only as a text for one of her eloquent disquisitions. An allusion to Napoleon led her to say:—

Buonaparte had naturally something vulgar in his composition. He took a little from Ossian, a little from Cæsar, a little from this book, a little from that, and made up something that was a good imitation of a great man, but he was not in himself naturally great. As for killing the Duc d'Enghien, if he had killed all the Bourbons for the good of France I should say nothing to that. But he had not much feeling. Whenever he laments anybody, it is always for his own sake that he does it. I don't understand, either, a great man making complaints about the room he slept in not being good enough for him, or complaining of his champagne. I dare say he had slept in many a worse. Had I been in his place, you should have seen how differently I would have acted, and such a man as Sir Hudson Lowe should never have seen that he could have the power of vexing me.

Lady Hester herself never read more than a few pages in any book. History she despised, because, she said, she had seen so many histories of her own time

which she found to be lies from beginning to end.

In November the conscription for Ibrahim Pasha's army caused much misery in the surrounding towns and villages. The residents in Sayda were stopped as they left the mosques, the coffee-houses occupied by troops, and the city gates closed. But many private houses had windows looking over the fields from which fugitives dropped down and escaped, in some cases taking refuge at Dar Joon. The shops were shut, the city deserted save by search-parties of soldiers, who publicly bastinadoed parents to compel them to reveal the hiding-places of their children.

To add to the general suffering, the rainy season had begun; snow covered the upper chain of Mount Lebanon, and the wind blew furiously. At Joon the flat cemented roofs cracked, and admitted the rain. In Lady Hester's bedroom pans were placed to catch the water that poured through the ceiling. The glamour of the East had indeed departed! And the poor "queen" was, says her biographer, "dying in a struggle to cure her men and maids of theft, lying, and carelessness. Each was a sycophant to those in authority over him; each distrusted his comrade."

Christmas was an especially painful time to Lady Hester. She would contrast the festivities at Chevening and Burton Pynsent with her exiled solitude, and spend hours pacing from room to room in tears, or wailing, "Oh God, have mercy!" Irritability succeeded to sorrow, and she would declare that her wretched doctor was "a vulture and a cannibal, who tore her heart by his insensibility," but next moment would penitently proclaim her appreciation of his spotless integrity and unwearying care.

One more cheerful glimpse we obtain of her, when directing preparations for the reception of Mr. Forster and Mr. Knox. Lady Hester was too ill to see them herself, but she sat up in bed to make lemonade for her guests, and sent all her servants flying to prepare



various dishes for their dinner, while she gave Dr. Meryon instructions as to the subjects on which he was to converse with them. These included the beauty of Irish women—Mr. Forster was believed to be of Irish extraction—the tenets of the Druses, Ansárys, and Ishmaelites, Freemasonry ("Do you use senna leaves?" was, she said, one of their symbolic questions), the "History of the Spartans," her own debts, a book which she knew where to find, containing the language spoken by Adam and Eve, and Lady Sarah Napier's pension; concluding: "Do tell Mr. Forster what a pack of beasts these servants are. You may talk to them a little about the stars, but I dare say you will commit some horrible blunder, as you always do."

A later guest was Prince Puckler Muskau, who, having with much difficulty and after many delays obtained permission to visit Lady Hester, arrived with three or four mule-loads of luggage, thirteen animals, several servants and two slaves, one of whom he left behind as a gift to his hostess; "the rest of his suite remained in Sayda." On the whole, Lady Hester approved of the prince, and she greatly hoped that in a projected narrative of his Eastern travels he would make the wrongs she had suffered at the hands of government known to the world.

Yet one more visitor must be mentioned before the record is closed. A dervish came to Dar Joon, demanding money and a night's lodging. These were refused him, although he was permitted to rest, and was liberally fed. The wind blew fiercely when he was put without the gates, the rain swept up the valley from the sea like a sheet of foam, and the mendicant, a powerful-looking man with wild black locks, large rolling eyes, naked feet and ragged garments, took a horn from his side and blew four blasts, afterwards solemnly cursing the house and all its inmates.

His imprecations were needless; the curse of disillusion had already fallen heavily on Lady Hester. She was "the victim of fallen greatness, false hopes, and superhuman efforts to carry out

vast projects of philanthropy and political combinations on small means and ruined resources." The proposed sequestration of her pension for the satisfaction of her creditors has already been alluded to; the state of wrath into which it threw her may be easily imagined. Rather than have her pension stopped officially, she wrote to the queen in February, 1838, saying that she resigned it for the payment of her debts; and when Lord Ebrington informed her that he was a member of a committee on the Public Pensions List, and asked her to make any suggestion that might occur to her as to the continuance of her own, she refused to withdraw her ultimatum.

Yet at this time Lady Hester had only about twenty pounds in the house as a provision for two months, and she would not be dissuaded from making her customary benefactions. When she asked for Dr. Meryon's assistance in her financial difficulties she hoped that he might be able to help her to obtain possession of Colonel Needham's Irish property, which had been bequeathed to Mr. Pitt, but, the legatee dying three days before the testator, inherited by Lord Kilmoray; on his death without children, Lady Hester flattered herself the Irish estates would revert to Mr. Pitt's heirs. She consulted Sir Francis Burdett on the subject, but of course he could give no encouragement to her hopes. This had been the last definitely formulated scheme for recovering any portion of her former authority and opulence. When Sir Francis's long-delayed reply arrived, kind in tone but absolutely discouraging, her castle in the air became a ruin.

Return to Europe [she said to Dr. Meryon]. You can be of no use to me. I shall write no more letters. I shall break up my establishment, wall up the gate, and, with a girl and boy to wait on me, resign myself to my fate. Let me have none of your foolish reasoning on the subject.

He scarcely believed what he heard; but, to pacify his imperious mistress, he went to Beyrout to inform the

French consular authorities of her avowed intention of immuring herself, and to make arrangements for her letters to be forwarded. Reluctant to leave Lady Hester in her suffering and disappointment, the doctor did nothing to forward his own departure, but, as usual, she took matters into her own hands, and on his return to Dar Joon he found that Logmagi had hired a boat to convey him and his family to Cyprus. There was nothing left for him, therefore, but to take her last instructions, which were so to arrange her affairs that she should "be in want of nothing, have nothing to write, nothing to pay, meet with no interruptions to her seclusion, and be dead to the world."

Before Dr. Meryon left Dar Joon, the masons began to wall it up with a screen which completely masked the gateway, leaving only a side opening wide enough to admit an ass laden with water. Lady Hester's spirits had at that time so far rallied, or she was so resolved not to acknowledge complete defeat, that she declared she expected yet to see "her enemies confounded and her debts paid." She still looked forward to the advent of the Mahdi, when she would "wade through blood" by his side towards some strange triumph, half-spiritual, half-material. In the same mingled mood, partly of exalted fancy, partly of shrewd common sense, she bade farewell to her doctor in August, 1838; compelled to borrow money from him for her immediate necessities,<sup>1</sup> and sending a servant after him with a rich Turkey carpet for his cabin floor.

Lady Hester laid on Dr. Meryon an imperative injunction to make a public statement of her grievances when he arrived in England, and was aware that he also contemplated publishing part of the recollections she had confided to him. Her letters after his departure show the old mixture of kindness and dogmatism, and a fitful interest in European affairs. The insurrection of the Druses, which brought war and a threatened massacre of all Christians within fifty miles of her gates, seemed

<sup>1</sup> Which she repaid when he reached Marseilles.

to give her only a not displeasing excitement. Her last fragmentary letter to Dr. Meryon was dated May, 1839. In the following June he heard of her death, through an announcement in the papers.

In a note to page 134 of "Eöthen," Kinglake quotes the following passages from a letter written to him by an English traveller:—

I reached this strange hermitage last night. . . . How beautiful must this convent-palace have been when you saw it, its strange mistress doing its hospitalities, and exercising her self-won regal power! A friend of — has a letter from the sultan to her, beginning "Cousin." She held on gallantly to the last. Moore, our consul at Beyrout, heard she was ill, and rode over the mountains, accompanied by a missionary, to visit her. A profound silence was all over the palace, no one met them, they lighted their own lamps in the outer court, and passed unquestioned through court and gallery, till they came to where *she* lay. A corpse was the only inhabitant of Djoun, and the isolation from her kind, which she so long sought, was indeed completed. That morning thirty-seven servants had watched every motion of her eye; that spell once darkened by death, every one fled with the plunder. Not a single thing was left in the room where she lay dead, except upon her person. No one had ventured to touch that, and even in death she seemed able to protect herself. At midnight the missionary carried her out to a favorite resort of hers in the garden, and there they buried her. . . . The buildings are fast falling into decay.

The "favorite resort" is said to have been the tree-shadowed spot in which the remains of Captain Lousstaunau rested. It was even asserted that Lady Hester gave instructions for her own burial in his grave, but this Dr. Meryon considered improbable.

Lord Brougham, in "Historical Sketches," speaking of Pitt's death in his house, says, "Some one in his neighborhood having sent to inquire for Mr. Pitt, found the gate and house door open, and, nobody answering the bell, walked through the rooms till he reached the bed on which the minister lay lifeless, sole tenant of the mansion of

which the doors, a few hours before, were darkened by crowds of suitors."

If that remembrance could have crossed the mind of Pitt's niece in her last dread moments of solitude and exhaustion, the strange coincidence would not have been without its measure of consolation.

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From The Nineteenth Century.  
MATTHEW ARNOLD.

The very name of Matthew Arnold calls up to memory a set of apt phrases and proverbial labels which have passed into our current literature, and are most happily redolent of his own peculiar turn of thought. How could modern criticism be carried on, were it forbidden to speak of "culture," of "urbanity," of "Phillistinism," of "distinction," of "the note of provinciality," of "the great style"? What a convenient shorthand is it to refer to "Barbarians," to "the young lions of the Press," to "Bottles," to "Arminius," to "the Zeit-Geist"—and all the personal and impersonal objects of our great critic's genial contempt!

It is true that our young lions (whose feeding time appears to be our breakfast hour) have roared themselves almost hoarse over some of these sayings and nicknames, and even the "note of provinciality" has become a little provincial. But how many of these pregnant phrases have been added to the debates of philosophy and even of religion! "The stream of tendency that makes for righteousness," "sweetness and light"—not wholly in Swift's sense, and assuredly not in Swift's temper either of spirit or of brain—"sweet reasonableness," "*das Gemeine*," the "*Aberglaube*," are more than mere labels or phrases; they are ideas, gospels—at least, aphorisms. The judicious reader may recall the rest of these epigrams for himself, for to set forth any copious catalogue of them would be to indite a somewhat leonine essay oneself. Lord Beaconsfield, himself so great a master of memorable and prolific

phrases, with admirable insight recognized this rare gift of our Arminius, and he very justly said that it was a "great thing to do—a great achievement."

Now this gift of sending forth to ring through a whole generation a phrase which immediately passes into a proverb, which stamps a movement or a set of persons with a distinctive cognomen, or condenses a mode of judging them into a portable aphorism—this is a very rare power, and one peculiarly rare amongst Englishmen. Carlyle had it, Disraeli had it, but how few others amongst our contemporaries! Arnold's current phrases still in circulation are more numerous than those of Disraeli, and are more simple and apt than Carlyle's. These *ἔπεα πτερόεντα* fly through the speech of cultivated men, pass current in the market-place; they are generative, efficient, and issue into act. They may be right or wrong, but at any rate they do their work: they teach, they guide, possibly may mislead, but they are alive. It was noteworthy, and most significant, how many of these familiar phrases of Arnold's were Greek. He was never tired of recommending to us the charms of "Hellenism," of *εὐφροία* of *επιεικεία*, the supremacy of Homer, "the classical spirit." He loved to present himself to us as *εὐφυής*, as *ἐπιεικής*, as *καλοκάγαθός*; he had been sprinkled with some of the Attic salt of Lucian, he was imbued with the classical genius—and never so much so as in his poems.

#### I.

#### THE POET.

His poetry had the classical spirit in a very peculiar and rare degree; and we can have little doubt now, when so much of Arnold's prose work in criticism has been accepted as standard opinion, and so much of his prose work in controversy has lost its interest and savor, that it is his poetry which will be longest remembered, and there his finest vein was reached. It may be said that no poet in the roll of our literature, unless it be Milton, has been

so essentially saturated to the very bone with the classical genius. And I say this without forgetting the "Ode on a Grecian Urn," or the "Prometheus Unbound," or "Atalanta in Calydon;" for I am thinking of the entire compass of all the productions of these poets, who are very often romantic and fantastic. But we can find hardly a single poem of Arnold's that is far from the classical idea.

His poetry, however, is "classical" only in a general sense, not that all of it is imitative of ancient models or has any affectation of archaism. It is essentially modern in thought, and has all that fetishistic worship of natural objects which is the true note of our Wordsworthian school. But Arnold is "classical" in the serene self-command, the harmony of tone, the measured fitness, the sweet reasonableness of his verse. This balance, this lucidity, this Virgilian dignity and grace, may be said to be unfulfilling. Whatever be its shortcomings and its limitations, Arnold's poetry maintains this unerring urbanity of form. There is no thunder, no rant, no discord, no intoxication of mysticism or crash of battle in him. Our poet's eye doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven; but it is never caught "in a fine frenzy rolling." It is in this sense that Arnold is classical, that he has, and has uniformly and by instinct, some touch of that "liquid clearness of an Ionian sky" which he felt in Homer. Not but what he is, in thought and by suggestion, one of the most truly modern, the most frankly contemporary of all our poets.

It is no doubt owing to this constant appeal of his to modern thought, and in great degree to the best and most serious modern thought, that Arnold's poetry is welcomed by a somewhat special audience. But for that very reason it is almost certain to gain a wider audience, and to grow in popularity and influence. His own prose has perhaps not a little retarded the acceptance of his verse. The prose is of far greater bulk than his verse; it deals with many burning questions,

especially those of current politics and theological controversies; and it supplies whole menageries of young lions with perennial bones of contention and succulent morsels wherewith to lick their lips. How could the indolent, or even the industrious reviewer, tear himself from the delight of sucking in "the three Lord Shaftesburys"—or it may be from spitting them forth with indignation—in order to meditate with Empedocles or Thyrasis in verses which are at once "sober, steadfast, and demure?"

The full acceptance of Arnold's poetry has yet to come. And in order that it may come in our time, we should be careful not to over-praise him, not to credit him with qualities that he never had. His peculiar distinction is his unfulfilling level of thoughtfulness, of culture, and of balance. Almost alone amongst our poets since Milton, Arnold is never incoherent, spasmodic, careless, washy, or *banal*. He never flies up into a region where the sun melts his wings; he strikes no discords, and he never tries a mood for which he has no gift. He has more general insight into the intellectual world of our age, and he sees into it more deeply and more surely than any contemporary poet. He has a trained thirst for nature; but his worship of nature never weakens his reverence of man, and his brooding over man's destiny. On the other hand, he has little passion, small measure of dramatic sense, but a moderate gift of movement or of color, and—what is perhaps a more serious want—no sure ear for melody and music.

As poet, Arnold belongs to an order very rare with us, in which Greece was singularly rich, the order of *gnomic* poets, who condensed in metrical aphorisms their thoughts on human destiny and the moral problems of life. The type is found in the extant fragments of Solon, of Xenophanes, and above all of Theognis. The famous maxim of Solon—*μηδὲν ἄγαν* (nothing overdone—might serve as a maxim for Arnold. But of all the gnomic poets of Greece the one with whom Arnold has most affinity is Theognis. Let us compare

the one hundred and eight fragments of Theognis, as they are paraphrased by J. Hookham Frere, with the collected poems of Arnold, and the analogy will strike us at once: the stoical resolution, the disdain of vulgarity, the aversion from civic brawls, the aloofness from the rudeness of the populace and the coarseness of ostentatious wealth. The seventeenth fragment of Frere might serve as a motto for Arnold's poems and for Arnold's temper.

I walk by rule and measure, and incline  
To neither side, but take an even line;  
Fix'd in a single purpose and design.  
With learning's happy gifts to celebrate,  
To civilize and dignify the State;  
Nor leaguings with the discontented crew,  
Nor with the proud and arbitrary few.

This is the very key-note of so many poems, of "Culture and Anarchy," of "sweetness and light," of *epiethia*; it is the tone of the *euphuos*, of the *εὐφύωνος ἀνεν ψόγου*, of the wise and good."

This intensely gnomic, meditative, and ethical vein in Arnold's poetry runs through the whole of his singularly equable work, from the earliest sonnets to the latest domestic elegies. His muse, as he sings himself, is ever

Radiant, adorn'd outside; a hidden ground  
Of thought and of austerity within.

This deep undertone of thought and of austerity gives a uniform and somewhat melancholy color to every line of his verse, not despairing, not pessimist, not querulous, but with a resolute and pensive insight into the mystery of life and of things, reminding us of those lovely tombs in the Ceraameus at Athens, of Hegeso and the rest, who in immortal calm and grace stand ever bidding to this fair earth a long and sweet farewell. Like other gnomic poets, Arnold is ever running into the tone of elegy; and he is quite at his best in elegy. Throughout the whole series of his poems it would be difficult to find any, even the shorter sonnets, which did not turn upon this pensive philosophy of life, unless we hold the few Narrative Poems to be without it. His mental food, he tells

us, was found in Homer, Sophocles, Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius; and his graver pieces sound like some echo of the imperial "Meditations," cast into the form of a Sophoclean chorus.

Of more than one hundred pieces, short or long, that Arnold has left, only a few here and there can be classed as poems of fancy, pure description, or frank surrender of the spirit to the sense of joy and beauty. Whether he is walking in Hyde Park or lounging in Kensington Gardens, apostrophizing a gipsy child, recalling old times in Rugby Chapel, mourning over a college friend, or a dead bird, or a pet dog, he always comes back to the dominant problems of human life. As he buries poor "Geist," he speculates on the future life of man; as he laments "Matthias" dying in his cage, he moralizes on the limits set to our human sympathy. With all his intense enjoyment of nature, and his acute observation of nature, it never ends there. One great lesson, he says, nature is ever teaching, it is blown in every wind—the harmony of labor and of peace—*ohne Hast, ohne Rast*. Every natural sight and sound has its moral warning; a yellow primrose is not a primrose to him and nothing more; it reveals the poet of the primrose. The ethical lesson of nature, which is the uniform burden of Arnold's poetry, has been definitely summed up by him in the sonnet to a preacher who talked loosely of our "harmony with nature."

Know, man hath all which nature hath,  
but more,  
And in that *more* lie all his hopes of good.

Not only is Arnold what Aristotle called *ἠθικώτατος*, a moralist in verse, but his moral philosophy of life and man is at once large, wise, and deep. He is abreast of the best modern thought, and he meets the great problems of destiny and what is now called the "foundations of belief," like a philosopher and not like a rhetorician, a sentimentalist, or a theologian. The essential doctrine of his verse is the spirit of his own favorite hero, Marcus Aurelius, having (at least in aspiration



if not in performance) the same stoicism, dignity, patience, and gentleness, and no little of the same pensive and ineffectual resignation under insoluble problems. Not to institute any futile comparison of genius, it must be conceded that Arnold in his poetry dwells in a higher philosophic æther than any contemporary poet. He has a wider learning, a cooler brain, and a more masculine logic. It was not in vain that Arnold was so early inspired by echoes of Empedocles, to whom his earliest important poem was devoted, the philosopher-poet of early Greece, whom the Greeks called Homeric, and whose "austere harmony" they valued so well. Arnold's sonnet on "The Austerity of Poetry," of which two lines have been cited above, is a mere amplification of this type of poetry as an idealized philosophy of nature and of life.

This concentration of poetry on ethics and even metaphysics involves very serious limitations and much loss of charm. The gnomic poets of Greece, though often cited for their maxims, were the least poetic of the Greek singers, and the least endowed with imagination. Aristotle calls Empedocles more "the natural philosopher than the poet." Solon indeed, with all his wisdom, can be as tedious as Wordsworth, and Theognis is usually prosaic. Arnold is never prosaic, and almost never tedious; but the didactic poet cannot possibly hold the attention of the groundlings for long. "Empedocles on Etna," published at the age of thirty-one, still remains his most characteristic piece of any length, and it is in some ways his high-water mark of achievement. It has various moods, lyrical, didactic dramatic—rhyme, blank verse, monologue, and song—it has his philosophy of life, his passion for nature, his enthusiasm for the undying memories of Greece. It is his typical poem; but the average reader finds its twelve hundred lines too long, too austere, too indecisive; and the poet himself withdrew it for years from a sense of its monotony of doubt and sadness.

The high merit of Arnold's verse is

the uniform level of fine, if austere, thought embodied in clear, apt, graceful, measured form. He keeps a firm hand on his Pegasus, and is always lucid, self-possessed, dignified, with a voice perfectly attuned to the feeling and thought within him. He always knew exactly what he wished to say, and he always said it exactly. He is thus one of the most correct, one of the least faulty, of all our poets, as Racine was "correct" and "faultless," as in the supreme degree was the eternal type of all that is correct and faultless in form—Sophocles himself.

As a poet, Arnold was indeed our *Matteo senza errore*, but to be faultless is not to be of the highest rank, just as Andrea in painting was not of the highest rank. And we must confess that in exuberance of fancy, in imagination, in glow and rush of life, in tumultuous passion, in dramatic pathos, Arnold cannot claim any high rank at all. He has given us indeed but little of the kind, and hardly enough to judge him. His charming farewell lines to his dead pets, the dogs, the canary, and the cat, are full of tenderness, quaint playfulness, grace, wit, worthy of Cowper. The "Forsaken Merman" and "Tristram and Isolt" have passages of delightful fancy and of exquisite pathos. If any one doubt if Arnold had a true imagination, apart from his gnomic moralities, let him consider the conclusion of "The Church of Brou." The gallant Duke of Savoy, killed in a boar hunt, is buried by his young widow in a magnificent tomb in the memorial Church of Brou, and so soon as the work is completed, the brokenhearted duchess dies and is laid beside him underneath their marble effigies. The poet stands beside the majestic and lonely monument, and he breaks forth:—

So sleep, forever sleep, O marble Pair!  
Or, if ye wake, let it be then, when fair  
On the carved western front a flood of  
light  
Streams from the setting sun, and colors  
bright  
Prophets, transfigured Saints, and Mar-  
tyrs brave,

In the vast western window of the nave;  
And on the pavement round the Tomb  
there glints

A chequer-work of glowing sapphire-tints,  
And amethyst, and ruby—then uncloseth  
Your eyelids on the stone where ye repose,

And from your broider'd pillows lift your  
heads,

And rise from your cold white marble  
beds;

And, looking down on the warm rosy tints,  
Which chequer, at your feet, the illumined  
flints,

Say: *What is this? we are in bliss—for-  
given—*

*Behold the pavement of the courts of  
Heaven!*

Or let it be on autumn nights, when rain  
Doth rustlingly above your heads com-  
plain

On the smooth leaden roof, and on the  
walls

Shedding her pensive light at intervals  
The moon through the clere-story window  
shines,

And the wind washes through the moun-  
tain pines.

Then, gazing up 'mid the dim pillars high,  
The foliated marble forest where ye lie,  
*Hush, ye will say, it is eternity!*

*This is the glimmering verge of Heaven,  
and these*

*The columns of the heavenly palaces!*

And, in the sweeping of the wind, your  
ear

The passage of the Angels' wings will  
hear,

And on the lichen-crustled leads above  
The rustle of the eternal rain of love.

I have cited this beautiful passage as a specimen of Arnold's poetic gift apart from his gnome quality of lucid thought. It is not his usual vein, but it serves to test his powers as a mere singer. It has fancy, imagination, metrical grace, along with some penury of rhyme, perfection of tone. Has it the magic of the higher poetry, the ineffable music, the unforgotten phrase? No one has ever analyzed "the liquid diction," "the fluid movement" of great poetry so lucidly as Arnold himself. The fluid movement indeed he shows not seldom, especially in his blank verse. "Sohrab and Rustum," a fine poem all through, if just a little academic, has some noble passages, some quite majestic lines and homero-

eid similes. But the magic of music, the unforgotten phrase is not there. Arnold, who gave us in prose so many a memorable phrase, has left us in poetry hardly any such as fly upon the tongues of men, unless it be—"The weary Titan, staggering on to her goal," or "that sweet city with her dreaming spires." These are fine, but it is not enough.

Undoubtedly Arnold from the first continually broke forth into some really Miltonic lines. Of nature he cries out:—

Still do thy sleepless ministers move on,  
Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting—  
Or again, he says:—

Where'er the chariot wheels of life are  
roll'd

In cloudy circles to eternity.

In the "Scholar-Gipsy," he says:—

Go, shepherd, and untie the wattled cotes!  
No longer leave thy wistful flock unfed.

Arnold has at times the fluid movement, but only at moments and on occasions, and he has a pure and highly trained sense of metrical rhythm. But he has not the yet finer and rarer sense of melodious music. We must even say more. He is insensitive to cacophonies that would have made Tennyson or Shelley "gasp and stare." No law of Apollo is more sacred than this: that he shall not attain the topmost crag of Parnassus who crams his mouth whilst singing with a handful of gritty consonants.

It is an ungracious task to point to the ugly features of poems that have unquestionably refined modulation and an exquisite polish. But where nature has withheld the ear for music, no labor and no art can supply the want. And I would ask those who fancy that modulation and polish are equivalent to music to repeat aloud these lines amongst many:—

—The sandy spits, the shore-lock'd lakes.—

—Kept on after the grave, but not begun—

—Couldst thou no better keep, O Abbey  
old!—

—The strange-scrawl'd rocks, the lonely  
sky—

—From heaths starr'd with broom,  
And high rocks throw mildly  
On the blanched sands a gloom.

These last three lines are from the "Forsaken Merman," wherein Arnold perhaps came nearest to the echo of music and to pure fantasy. In the grand lines to Shakespeare he writes:—

Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honor'd,  
self-secure—

Here are seven sibilants, four "selfs," three *sc.*, and twenty-nine consonants against twelve vowels in one verse. It was not thus that Shakespeare himself wrote sonnets, as when he said:—

Full many a glorious morning have I seen  
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign  
eye.

It must be remembered that Arnold wrote but little verse, and most of it in early life, that he was not by profession a poet, that he was a hardworked inspector of schools all his days, and that his prose work far exceeds his verse. This separates him from all his contemporary rivals, and partly explains his stiffness in rhyming, his small product, and his lack of melody. Had he been able like Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, to regard himself from first to last as a poet, to devote his whole life to poetry, to live the life "of thought and of austerity within"—which he craved as poet, but did not achieve as a man—then he might have left us poems more varied, more fanciful, more musical, more joyous. By temperament and by training, he, who at birth "was breathed on by the rural Pan," was deprived of that fountain of delight that is essential to the highest poetry, the dithyrambic glow—the ἀνθηριθμον γέλασμα:—

The countless dimples of the laughing  
seas—<sup>1</sup>

of perennial poetry. This perhaps, more than his want of passion, of dramatic power, of rapidity of action, limits the audience of Arnold as a poet. But those who thirst for the pure

Castalian spring, inspired by sustained and lofty thoughts, who care for that σπουδαιότης—that "high seriousness," of which he spoke so much as the very essence of the best poetry—have long known that they find it in Matthew Arnold more than in any of his even greater contemporaries.

## II.

### THE CRITIC.

About Matthew Arnold as critic of literature it is needless to enlarge, for the simple reason that we have all long ago agreed that he has no superior, indeed no rival. His judgments on our poets have passed into current opinion, and have ceased to be discussed or questioned. It is, perhaps, a grave loss to English literature that Arnold was not able, or perhaps never strove, to devote his whole life to the interpretation of our best poetry and prose, with the same systematic, laborious, concentrated energy which has placed Sainte-Beuve at the head of French critics. With his absorbing professional duties, his far from austere aloofness from the whirlpool of society, his guerilla warfare with journalism, Radicals, theologians, and all devotees of Dagon, it was not fated that Arnold could vie with the vast learning and Herculean industry of Sainte-Beuve. Neither as theologian, philosopher, or publicist, was Arnold at all adequately equipped by genius or by education for the office of supreme arbiter which he so airily, and perhaps so humorously, assumed to fill. And as poet, it is doubtful whether, with his Aurelian temperament and treacherous ear, he could ever have reached a much higher rank. But as critic of literature, his exquisite taste, his serene sense of equity, and that genial magnanimity which prompted him to give just value for every redeeming quality of those whom he loved the least—this made him a consummate critic of style. Though he has not left us an exhaustive review of our literature, as Sainte-Beuve has done for France, he has given us a group of short, lucid, suggestive canons.

<sup>1</sup> From an unpublished translation of "Prometheus" by E. H. Fember, Q.C.

of judgment, which serve as landmarks to an entire generation of critics.

The function of criticism—though not so high and mighty as Arnold proclaimed it with superb assurance—is not so futile an art as the sixty-two minor poets and the eleven thousand minor novelists are now wont to think it. Arnold committed one of the few extravagances of his whole life when he told us that poetry was the criticism of life, that the function of criticism was to see all things as they really are in themselves—the very thing Kant told us we could never do. On the other hand, too much of what is now called criticism is the improvised chatter of a raw lad, portentously ignorant of the matter in hand. It is not the “indolent reviewer” that we now suffer under, but the “lightning reviewer,” the young man in a hurry with a Kodak, who finally disposes of a new work on the day of its publication. One of them naïvely complained the other morning of having to cut the pages, as if we ever suspected that he cut the pages of more than the preface and table of contents.

Criticism, according to Arnold's practice, if not according to his theory, had as its duty to lay down decisive canons of cultured judgment, to sift the sound from the vicious, and to maintain one purity of language and of style. To do all this in any masterly degree requires most copious knowledge, an almost encyclopædic training in literature, a natural genius for form and tone, and above all a temper of judicial balance. Johnson in the last century, Hallam, and possibly Southey, in this century, had some such gift; Macaulay and Carlyle had not; for they wanted genius for form and judicial balance. Now Arnold had this gift in supreme degree, in a degree superior to Johnson or to Hallam. He made far fewer mistakes than they did. He made very few mistakes. The touchstone of the great critic is to make very few mistakes, and never to be carried off his balance by any pet aversion or pet affection of his own, not to be blinded so much as a hair's breadth by any salient merit or any irritating defect, and always to

keep an eye well open to the true proportion of any single book in the great world of men and of affairs and in the mighty realm of general literature.

For this reason we have so very few great critics, for the combination of vast knowledge, keen taste, and serene judgment is rare. It is thus so hard for any young person, for women, to become great in criticism; the young lack the wide experience; women lack the cool judicial temper. It is common enough to find those who are very sensitive to some rare charm, very acute to detect a subtle quality, or justly severe on some seductive failure. The rare power is to be able to apply to a complicated set of qualities the nicely adjusted compensations, to place a work, an author, in the right rank, and to do this for all orders of merit, with a sure, constant, unfailing touch—and without any real or conspicuous mistake.

This is what Arnold did, at any rate for our later poetry. He taught us to do it for ourselves, by using the instruments he brought to bear. He did much to kill a great deal of flashy writing, and much vulgarity of mind that once had a curious vogue. I am myself accused of being *laudator temporis acti*, and an American newspaper was pleased to speak of me as “this hopeless old man;” but I am never weary of saying, that at no epoch of our literature has the bulk of minor poetry been so graceful, so refined, so pure; the English language in daily use has never been written in so sound a form by so many writers; and the current taste in prose and verse has never been so just. And this is not a little owing to the criticism of Arnold and to the ascendancy which his judgment exerted over his time.

To estimate that lucidity and magnanimity of judgment he possessed, we should note how entirely open-minded he was to the defects of those whom he most loved, and to the merits of those whom he chiefly condemned. His ideal in poetry is essentially Wordsworthian, yet how sternly and how honestly he marks the *longueurs* of Wordsworth,

his flatness, his mass of inferior work. Arnold's ideal of poetry was essentially alien to Byron, whose vulgar, slipshod, rhetorical manner he detested, whilst he recognized Byron's Titanic power: 'our soul had felt him like the thunder's roll.' Arnold saw all the blunders made by Dryden, by Johnson, by Macaulay, by Coleridge, by Carlyle—but how heartily he can seize their real merits! Though drawn by all his thoughts and tastes towards such writers as Sénancour, Amiel, Joubert, Heine, the Guérins, he does not effect to forget the limitations of their influence, and the idiosyncrasy of their genius. In these days, when we are constantly assured that the function of criticism is to seize on some subtle and yet undetected quality that happens to have charmed you, and to wonder, in Delphic oracles, if Milton or Shelley ever quite touched that mystic circle, how refreshing it is to find Arnold always cool, always judicial—telling us even that Shakespeare has let drop some random stuff, and calmly reminding us that he had not "the sureness of a perfect style," as Milton had. Let us take together Arnold's summing up of all the qualities of Wordsworth, Byron, Keats, Shelley, and we shall see with what a just but loving hand he distributes the alternate meed of praise and blame. *Amant alterna Camænæ*. But of all the Muses, she of criticism loves most the alternate modulation of *soprano* and *basso*.

Not that Arnold was invariably right, or that all his judgments are unassailable. His canons were always right; but it is not in mortals to apply them unerringly to men and to things. He seems somewhat inclined to undervalue Tennyson, of whom he speaks so little. He has not said enough for Shelley, perhaps not enough for Spenser, nor can we find that he loved with the true ardor the glorious romances of Walter Scott. But this is no place, nor can I pretend to be the man, to criticise our critic. For my own part, I accept his decision in the main for all English poetry, and on general questions of style. Accept them, that is, so far as

it is in human nature to accept such high matters;—"errors excepted," *exceptis excipendis*. The important point on which his judgment is the most likely to be doubted or reversed by the supreme court of the twentieth century, lies in the relative places he has assigned to Wordsworth and to Shelley. He was by nature akin to Wordsworth, alien to Shelley; and the "personal equation" may have told in this case. For my own part, I feel grateful to Arnold for asserting so well the dæmonic power of Byron, and so justly distinguishing the poet in his hour of inspiration from the peer in his career of affectation and vice. Arnold's piece on the "Study of Poetry," written as an introduction to the collected "English Poets," should be preserved in our literature as the *norma*, or *canon* of right opinion about poetry, as we preserve the standard coins in the Pyx, or the standard yard measure in the old Jewel-house at Westminster.<sup>1</sup>

## III.

## THE PHILOSOPHER AND THEOLOGIAN.

Matthew Arnold, the philosopher, the politician, the theologian, does not need prolonged notice, inasmuch as he was anxious to disclaim any title to be ranked as any one of the three. But he entered into many a keen debate on philosophy, politics, and religion; and, whilst disavowing for himself any kind of system of belief, he sat in judgment on the beliefs of others, and assured us that the mission of Culture was to be supreme Court of Appeal for all brutalities of the vulgar, and all immaturities of the ignorant. Indeed, since the very definition of Culture was "to know the best that had ever been done and said," to be "a study of perfection," "to see things as they really are," this Delphic priest of Culture was compelled to give us oracles about all the dark problems that harass the souls of philosophers, of politicians, and of

<sup>1</sup> This does not include mere *obiter dicta* in his familiar "Letters." A great critic, like the pope, is infallible only when he is speaking *ex cathedra*, on matters of faith.



theologians. He admitted this sacred duty, and manfully he strove to interpret the inspirations of the God within him. They were often charged with insight and wisdom; they were sometimes entirely mysterious; they frequently became a matter of language rather than of fact. But these responses of the Deity have found no successor. Nor does any living Mentor now attempt to guide our halting steps into the true path of all that should be done or may be known, with the same sure sense of serene omniscience.

Of Culture—which has so long been a synonym for our dear lost friend—it can hardly be expected that I should speak. I said what I had to say nearly thirty years ago, and I rejoice now to learn from his letters that my little piece gave him such innocent pleasure. He continued to rejoin for years; but, having fully considered all his words, I have nothing to qualify or unsay. We are most of us trying to get what of Culture we can master, to see things as they are, to know the best, to attain to some little measure of Sweetness and Light—and we can only regret that our great Master in all these things has carried his secret to the grave. The mystery still remains, *what* is best, *how* are things really as they are, by *what* means can we attain to perfection? Alas! the oracles are dumb. Apollo from his shrine can no more divine.

What we find so perplexing is, that the Master, who, in judging poetry and literature, had most definite principles, clear-cut canons of judgment, and very strict tests of good and bad, doctrines which he was always ready to expound, and always able to teach others, no sooner passes into philosophy, into politics, into theology, than he disclaims any system, principles, or doctrines of any kind. "Oh!" we hear him cry, "I am no philosopher, no politician, no theologian. I am merely telling you, in my careless, artless way, what you should think and do in these high matters. Culture whispers it to me, and I tell you; and only the Philistines, Anarchs, and Obscurantists object." Now, it is obvious that no man can

honestly dispose of all that lies *inter apices* of philosophy, politics, and religion, unless he have some scheme of dominant ideas. If he cannot range himself under any of the known schemes, if he be neither intuitionist, experimentalist, or eclectic, if he incline neither to authority, nor to freedom, neither to revelation, nor to scepticism, nor to any of the ways of thinking that lie between any of these extremes—then he must have a brand-new, self-originated, dominant scheme of his own. If he tends towards no known system of ideas, then he tends to his own system; and this is usually the narrowest and most capricious system that can be invented.

Not that Matthew Arnold's judgments in these things were narrow, however personal. It would be easy to show, if this were the place, what were the schools and orders of thought under which he ranged himself. The idea that he was an Ariel, a "blessed Glendoveer," or Mahatma of Light, was a charming bit of playfulness that relieved the tedium of debate. Whether as much as he fancied was gained to the cause of Sweetness by presenting the other side in fantastic costumes and airy caricature, by the iteration of nicknames, and the fustigation of dummy opponents, is now rather open to doubt. The public, and he himself, began to feel that he was carrying a joke too far when he brought the Trinity into the pantomime. Some of his playmates, it is said, rather enjoyed seeing themselves on the stage, and positively played up to harlequin and his wand. And it was good fun to all of us to see our friends and acquaintances in motley, capering about to so droll a measure.

With his refined and varied learning, his natural acuteness, and his rare gift of poetic insight, Matthew Arnold made some admirable suggestions in general philosophy. How true, how fruitful are his sayings about Hebraism and Hellenism, about Greece and Israel, about the true strength of Catholicism, about Pagan and Medieval religious sentiment, about Spinoza, about Butler,

Marcus Aurelius, and Goethe! All of these, and all he says about education, gain much by the pellucid grace and precision with which they are presented. They are presented, it is true, rather as the treasure-trove of instinctive taste than as the laborious conclusions of any profound logic; for Culture, as we have often said, naturally approached even the problems of the universe, not so much from the side of metaphysics as from the side of *Belles-Lettres*. I can remember Matthew Arnold telling us with triumph that he had sought to exclude from a certain library a work of Herbert Spencer, by reading to the committee a passage therefrom which he pronounced to be clumsy in style. He knew as little about Spencer's "Synthetic Philosophy" as he did about Comte's, which he pretended to discuss with an air of laughable superiority, at which no doubt he was himself the first to laugh.

Arnold, indeed, like M. Jourdain, was constantly talking Comte without knowing it, and was quite delighted to find how cleverly he could do it. There is a charming and really grand passage in which he sums up his *conclusion* at the close of his "Culture and Anarchy." I cannot resist the pleasure of quoting this fine piece of English, every word of which I devoutly believe:—

But for us,—who believe in right reason, in the duty and possibility of extricating and elevating our best self, in the progress of humanity towards perfection,—for us the framework of society, that theatre on which this august drama has to unroll itself, is sacred; and whoever administers it, and however we may seek to remove them from their tenure of administration, yet while they administer, we steadily and with undivided heart support them in repressing anarchy and disorder; because without order there can be no society, and without society there can be no human perfection.

It so happens that this, the summing up of the mission of Culture, is entirely and exactly the mission of Positivism, and is even expressed in the very language used by Comte in all his writings,

and notably in his "Appeal to Conservatives" (1855). How pleasantly we can fancy Culture now meeting the founder of Positivism in some Elysian fields, and accosting him in that inimitably genial way: "Ah, well! I see now that we were not so far apart, but I never had patience to read your rather dry French, you know!"

Of his theology, or his anti-theology, even less need be said here. It was most interesting and pregnant, and was certainly the source of his great popularity and vogue. Here indeed he touched to the quick the Hebraism of our middle classes, the thought of our cultured classes, the insurgent instincts of the people. It was a singular mixture—Anglican divinity adjusted to the Pantheism of Spinoza—to parody a famous definition of Huxley's, it was Anglicanism *minus* Christianity, and even Theism. It is difficult for the poor Philistine to grasp the notion that all this devotional sympathy with the Psalmists, prophets, and Evangelists, this beautiful enthusiasm for "the secret of Jesus" and the "profound originality" of Paul, were possible to a man whose intellect rejected the belief that there was even any probable evidence for the personality of God, or for the celestial immortality of the soul, who flatly denied the existence of miracle, and treated the entire fabric of dogmatic theology as a figment. Yet this is the truth; and what is more, this startling, and somewhat paradoxical, transformation scene of the Anglican creeds and formularies sank deep into the reflective minds of many thinking men and women, who could neither abandon the spiritual poetry of the Bible nor resist the demonstrations of science. The combination, amongst many combinations, is one that, in a different form, was taught by Comte, which has earned for Positivism the title of Catholicism *plus* Science. Matthew Arnold, who but for his father's too early death might have been the son of a bishop, and who, in the last century, would himself have been a classical dean, made an analogous and somewhat restricted combination that

is properly described as Anglicanism *plus* Pantheism.

Let us think no more of his philosophy—the philosophy of an ardent reader of Plato, Spinoza, and Goethe; of his politics—the politics of an Oxford don who lived much at the Athenæum Club; nor of his theology—the theology of an English clergyman who had resigned his orders on conscientious grounds. We will think only of the subtle poet, the consummate critic, the generous spirit, the radiant intelligence, whose over-ambitious fancies are even now fading into oblivion—whose rare imaginings in stately verse have yet to find a wider and a more discerning audience.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

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From The Contemporary Review.

#### NATURE IN THE EARLIER ROMAN POETS.

Sentiment is the fairy moss, the silvery lichen, which grows on the old walls—not unfrequently on the tombstone—of interest. One cannot help feeling respect for the unflinching directness of the people that raised an altar to the god Stercutus. Those who laid the foundations of Rome's greatness grasped the fact that Italy is an agricultural country, and that if you look to the crops, the heroes will take care of themselves. Hence the permanent importance and dignity ascribed to agricultural pursuits in the early days of the republic, and the favor and support accorded to the cultivator of the soil. Whoever knows anything of Italian agriculture must have been struck by the care with which the Roman laws of the old period provided against the very troubles which beset the modern land-owner.

He will certainly have personal experience of the mischief done by (1) *ladri campestri*, the petty thieves who live by small but constantly repeated depredations; (2) intentional damage in harvest-field or vineyard; (3) loss caused by goats and other animals which pasture in the lanes and acquire great

agility in jumping hedges. The shepherds who lead their flocks from the plains to the mountains in spring, and from the mountains to the plains in autumn, manage to maintain them for several weeks in each season almost without cost. There are peasants, too, who keep two or three animals when their plot will only support one—for the rest they must trust to heaven. I have seen a sheep trained to take a hedge like a hunter. (4) Encroachments of neighboring proprietors on any spot not often visited by the owner. The Roman law looked to all these cases. He who wilfully injured another's crops or cut them down during the night was punished with crucifixion, or, if he were a minor, he was consigned to the injured proprietor to work as a slave till the loss should be recuperated. A person who intentionally set fire to the fields or to the grain was burnt alive; if he did it by accident he was flogged. The theft of agricultural implements was punished with death. You had a right to kill any one who removed your landmark. Monstrous as some of these penalties were, the spirit which ran through such legislation was more consonant with rural prosperity than that which inspires the tender-hearted Italian juries who practically refuse to convict under any of the above heads because the delinquent is a *povero diavolo*, and what can you expect?

Besides the summary method placed in the hands of the proprietor of defending his boundaries, these were further protected by the god Terminus, whose temple was on the Tarpelan rock, and who was represented without arms or legs because he never moved. When it was proposed to build a temple to Jupiter on the Tarpelan rock, the other gods, who had their seat there, gracefully made way, but Terminus refused to stir. The country people on his annual festival covered their boundary stones with flowers and sacrificed to the god.

Wise, and in the highest degree civilized, were the Roman laws which promoted the opening of markets and

fairs and prohibited any assembly that might interfere with farmers on market-days; which allowed liberty to the grower to get the highest price he could and discouraged monopolies; which kept the public roads both safe and in excellent condition, thus facilitating the transport of produce.

Then came the too easy acquisition of wealth, the importation of Egyptian corn, the multiplication of slave-labor, the increase of large holdings and the consequent conversion of much arable land into pasture. No attempt can be made here to gauge the effects of these changes on the Italian peasantry. We often read of the Italian peasant class being swept away, but if this happened, it showed a remarkable faculty for resuscitation. Perhaps a love of eccentricity made De Quincey argue that, "there was not one ploughman the less at the end than at the beginning," but his paradox may not be farther from the truth than the theory of wholesale extirpation. Enough peasants were left to be the chief transmitters of the old Italian blood which was to color all the northern deluges and so to bear out Virgil's prophecy that the name of Italy would survive every conquest and that, by a fatal law, only those invaders came to stay who merged their own language and character in the native speech and birth-stamp of the people of the land.

Through all changes the idea remained; the idea of the paramount importance and dignity of agriculture. The figure of the hero who, after saving his country, returned to till his fields, had taken hold of the Roman mind as the type of true virtue, and the quality of a nation's ideals is as important as the quality of its realities. When Trajan made it a law that those who aspired to occupy public office must possess a third of their substance in land, he was wisely yielding to the influence of one of the continually recurring waves of popular opinion in favor of husbandry. However much the agriculturist was sacrificed, first to faction and then to despotism, this opinion never really altered. The taste

for country things, of which all the Roman poets were in some degree interpreters, was built upon the national conviction of a national necessity.

The account given by Lucretius of the first steps of humanity was as good science as he could make it. No line, no word is thrown in for the sake of poetic effect; though the story is avowedly constructed by guess-work, the guesses are based on carefully weighed probabilities.

The type of his primitive man and woman is to be looked for, not among contemporary savages (who may have been descending all the while that we have been ascending), but among our fellow-creatures the beasts of the field. Each animal in its natural state follows the law which is fitted to perpetuate its species; it is not the enemy of its kind, it has its own method of keeping its person and its nest or lair clean; the males do not ill-treat the females; parents bring up their offspring even at a great sacrifice to themselves; those species in which the male is obliged to find food for the female after the birth of the young ones are mostly monogamous, and as long as the contract lasts it is faithfully observed. In the time of courting every creature seeks to be admired by its mate. Here are the materials which Lucretius used.

If, he says, the human race in its infancy had not, as a rule, respected the weak, and watched over the woman and the child, it would very soon have come to an end. He describes the discovery of language much in the same way as a biologist of the present day would do; all creatures make different noises under different circumstances; the Molossian dogs make one sound when they growl with fury, another when they bark in company, another when they howl in lonely buildings, a fourth when they shrink from a blow, a fifth when they tenderly lick and fondle their whelps, pretending to snap at them or swallow them up, and whining in a low, soothing note. Man, having a voice and tongue well adapted to language, soon developed a rude form of articulate speech. Then his educa-

tion progressed rapidly. The pretty, winning ways of children were what first softened and civilized the wild human heart. Men learnt the uses of fire, of which a flash of lightning or the friction of dead branches was the origin; stone weapons were invented and animals were tamed; it occurred to one man to clothe himself in a skin, not, alas! to his advantage, for his fellows, filled with envy, set upon him and killed him, and in the struggle the skin was spoilt and rendered useless to any one. So, perhaps, began human strife! Originally beauty and strength were what gave the chiefship, but, by and by, wealth began to interfere with that natural selection. Man applied himself to the vast undertaking of cultivating the earth; the forests retreated up the mountains, vineyards and olive groves and cornfields appeared in the plains and valleys. The great invention of how to work in wool substituted a better sort of dress for skins. At first men, doubtless, spun as well as delved, "since the male sex are far superior in art and ingenuity in whatever they turn their hand to," but the sturdy laborers jeered at their stay-at-home brothers, and called them out to help them in the fields; thus it was that women became spinsters.

About this time Lucretius placed his Golden Age, in which no privileged beings lead an impossible life, but real rustics taste the joys of simplicity. Here the real is beautiful, but it does not cease to be the real; there is as much reality in an *arum lily* as in a toadstool. In fine weather, when the young men had satisfied their hunger, they laughed and jested under the trees, dancing with stiff, awkward steps, and crowning their heads with flowers and leaves. Then they sang, imitating the liquid voices of birds, and they found the way to make music on a reed. The sweet, plaintive notes of the pipe were heard through all the pathless woods and in secret haunts and divine resting-places.

This generation, which had no empty cares nor emptier ambitions, could be called happy, if men could ever be

called so. But of all writers Lucretius was most conscious of the elemental world-pain which none can escape. No day passes into night, no night passes into day, that does not hear the cries of the new-born infant mixing with the wails of the mourners by their dead. Nor is man alone in his sorrow; while the calf bleeds before some lovely temple, the mother, vainly seeking her child, wanders hither and thither through the wood, leaving the print of her hoofs upon the moist ground. Then she stands still and fills the air with her laments, and then hurriedly she returns to the stable to see if by chance it is not there. Nor do fresh pastures, nor the sight of other calves console her, for she nowhere beholds the loved form.

With the exception of Dante no poet has the contained descriptive power of Lucretius, or, perhaps, in the same degree, the art of choosing suggestive words. A few lines bring a natural scene or a person before our eyes so forcibly that no detail seems to be wanting. His similes produce the illusion of making a direct appeal to our eyes. Take, for instance, that of the flock of grazing sheep and frisking lambs scattered over the down "which in the distance appears to be only a whiteness on a green hill." Or take the portrait of the old countryman whom we all have met:—

And now, shaking his head, the aged peasant laments with a sigh that the toil of his hands has often come to nought, and as he compares the present with the past time, he extols the fortune of his father and harps on this theme, how the good old race, full of piety, bore the burden of their life very easily within narrow bounds, when the portion of land for each man was far less than now (Sellar).

When we speak of nature we are generally thinking of the desert, the Alps, the ocean, the prairie—nature without man. This is what was rarely thought of by the poet of antiquity. Lucretius, almost alone, contemplated nature as detached from man, of whose powerlessness he had a sense which was still more eastern than modern.



He allowed, indeed, that a human being might rise to a moral and intellectual grandeur which exceeded all the magnificence and the power of external nature. This great admission, clothed in words of singular solemnity, is contained in the passage in which he says that, rich and beautiful as is the land of Sicily, there is nothing in it so sacred, wonderful, and beloved as its philosopher—his master, Empedocles. But men in the aggregate, what were they? Specks, atoms. Was it surprising that they should have been seized with fear and trembling in presence of the shining firmament, the spiral lightning, the storm at sea, the earthquake; or that such sights should have inspired them with the idea of the gods? So these frightened children fell on their faces and turned their veiled heads to a stone; useless rites, idle actions, devoid of real piety, since real piety consists in viewing all things with a serene mind.

Man's business was cheerfully to accept his position as an atom. Even the awe which filled Kant when he looked at the starry sky would have been held by Lucretius to be a relic of superstition. He meant his teaching to console; life, he argued, which is full of so many inevitable ills, would be made more endurable were supernatural terrors away; but men preferred to keep their fears sooner than to lose their hopes. His conception of nature as a living power, a sole energy informing the infinitely various manifestations of matter and spirit, was like some great mountain wall rising thousands of feet above us—grand but unfriendly. He excluded from it the spiritual passion which vitalized the later monism. He would have excluded emotion from the universe, but he could not keep it out of his own heart—a heart full of human kindness, sensitive affections, power of sympathy. The clashing of such a temperament with the coldest and clearest intellect that ever man possessed, was enough to work madness in the brain without the help of the legendary love-philtre. The total impression left by "De Rerum Natura" is that of the earth as a step-

mother who grudges the bread which, with pain and grief and by the sweat of his brow, the husbandman seeks to extract from her.

The poetry of the Ego, lyrical poetry in its modern sense, sprang into life full grown with Catullus. Even his allusions to nature are personal; they are to nature in its relation with his own state, his own feelings, as when he likens his ill-requited love to a wild flower which has fallen on the verge of the meadow after it has been touched by the passing ploughshare. Anacreon had written love-songs, and some poets of the Anthology had touched intimate chords that awaken perennial responses, but Catullus was the first to fling himself *tout entier* into his poetry for better, for worse; sometimes supremely for better, sometimes very much for worse. Favored by an age when republican austerity had disappeared in republican license, and by a forgiving Cæsar, he made poetry the medium of his loves, passions, friendships, griefs, hates, spites; the impartial mouthpiece of what was highest and lowest in him. He was the first to be utterly reckless in his choice of subjects; one thing was as good as another as long as it moved him. He looked on poetry as a vent, not as a profession or as a road to fame. It is impossible not to suppose that most of his poems were improvisations. Could he have made his individual intensity general, he might have been the great tragic dramatist whom Rome never produced—as one may guess from the terrible "Athys." He remained, instead, a poetical idler whose small amount of recorded work almost a miracle (the survival of a single copy) has preserved to sure immortality.

He was the first, if not to feel, at all events to express, the modern "wander madness," the longing for travel for its own sake, the flutter of anticipation in starting for new scenes and far off "illustrious cities." His fleet pinnace scoured the seas like the yacht of a modern millionaire, to end its days, at last, in the clear waters of the lovely lake to which its master returned with

the joy in home-coming which stay-at-homes can never know, and which is the sweet, unmerited reward of faithlessness. Here, wedged in between the moist and leafy landscapes of northern Italy, he found a glorified memory of the scenes he had left—the Sea of Marmora, the Isles of Greece. The same color of the arid earth; the same silver olives, the same radiant light and sun, with waters still more translucently blue than those of southern seas. It is easy to imagine that the “all-but-Island Sirmio” had been the Elysium of his childhood, his first glimpse of a southern fairyland, so that the charm of earliest associations combined with the delightful feeling of possession in rendering it so dear to him. He had gone there as a boy with that brother whose loss he was one day to mourn in helpless sorrow among the olives under which they both had played. The poem to Sirmio is the most ideally perfect of all “poems of places,” and the truest. The blue lake of Garda laughs to-day in its innumerable ripples as it laughed with the household of the young poet in joy at his return. Had critics and commentators lived beside its “Lydian waves,” they would not be surprised that the poet applied to them a term indicating a musical measure; on the quietest day they lap the stones of Sermione with a gentle sound. Two thousand years are annihilated by Catullus’s beautiful lines; they have the eternal novelty of nature herself.

Between the Tiburtine and Sabine territories, not far from Rome, Catullus had another estate, to which he addressed some merry verses that show him in what was certainly his normal mood—gay and paradoxical, with a stinging tongue which he took no pains to control. For some reason he wished the farm to be known as “Tiburtine,” and it made him very angry to hear it called “Sabine.” The occasion of the verses was a visit he paid to it when, as he asserts he had been given a bad cold by having to listen to the terrible composition of an acquaintance named Sextius. Coughing and sneezing, he fled to his villa, doctored himself with

nettle and basil, and was soon expressing his best thanks to the “Tiburtine farm” for making him well.

The two pretty poems to “The Garden God,” attributed to Catullus, though there exists no proof that he wrote them, would hand down to us, were other record wanting, the memory of an essentially popular cultus which was never looked upon by educated people otherwise than as a harmless superstition. When Venus caused Priapus to be exposed in the mountains, ashamed of being known as the mother of such a fright, she closed the doors of heaven upon him beyond recall. He never became a proper orthodox god. Shepherds, however, were reported to have saved his life, and peasants set up his altars. At one time his worship seems to have been accompanied by gross license, but it had lost this character among the Roman husbandmen of the republic. It retained indeed a crude symbolism. The lore of peasants is not all fit for ears polite, as would be remarked if everything that folk-lorists collect were published. The peasant tongue does not know—how should it know?—the virtue of reticence. But the uppermost feeling of the Roman ploughman for his garden god was a sympathy of the poor of the earth for the poor of heaven. Some sorry saints have got into the calendar by a similar mental process.

The Priapus of the Catullan poems becomes likable from his faithful care of the cot in the marshes, thatched with rushes, where the poor owners, the father and the son, thrive so well because of their piety towards their protecting fetish, whom they privately treat just as if he were a real god. Besides the little offerings of the earliest spring flowers, of green unripe wheat ears, yellow violets, pale gourds, fragrant apples, and purple grapes, a goat (“but say nothing about it”) has sometimes stained its altar with his blood, notwithstanding the risk of offending the higher deities to whom the living sacrifice was reserved. Grateful for which attentions the garden god bids the boys be off to pilfer the rich neigh-

bor, obligingly adding, "This path will lead you to his grounds."

It is possible that one other element entered into the cultus of Priapus: some grain of the deep-rooted tendency to associate monstrosity with divinity, which seems to have begun with the syllogism—the monstrous is abnormal, the divine is abnormal, therefore the monstrous is the divine. Greece saved the western world from that awful heresy by formulating the great truth at the basis of all truth, that the divine is normal, is beauty, is law. But the natural man inclines to backsliding, and not even to this day in the regions that have inherited the light of Greece is the contrary opinion wholly dead.

EVELYN MARTINENGO CESARESCO.

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From Chambers' Journal.

THE FAR DISTANCES OF OUR UNIVERSE.

BY AGNES GIBERNE.

AUTHOR OF "SUN, MOON, AND STARS;" "RADIANT SUNS," ETC.

It is not accidentally, but on purpose, that the word "our" is used in the name of this article. "The" universe would be quite as correct, because "our" universe is "the" universe to us who live in it; and yet the distinguishing adjective might here mislead men's minds through failing to carry out its own proper office. Those who hear "the universe" spoken of as descriptive of the stellar system do not always distinguish between this universe and other universes, between "our" universe and universes which are not "ours."

It seems to be somewhat of a pity that the word has been allowed to fall into this particular use, as descriptive only of a starry system. Its original meaning, as defined in an etymological dictionary, is "the universal or whole system of created things;" and until recent years "the Universe" included the idea of all creation. Then the fact began to dawn upon astronomers that our particular starry system was *not* all creation, and one and another began

to apply the word "universe" to our starry system in particular, while other possible starry systems were also spoken of as "other universes." The alteration is somewhat of a pity, because there would seem to be no other word equally good to take its place in the old sense. One may speak of "Creation" as inclusive of all universes or starry systems; but it might perhaps have been better had "universe" been allowed to retain its proper meaning, as synonymous with "all creation," and as inclusive of all starry systems. Possibly we may yet in the course of years revert to this older signification of the term.

That such other starry systems do exist can hardly be questioned. Wide as are the limits of the stupendous system of stars, within which our little earth finds a home, that system has limits; it is not infinite in extent. Far, very far, as its distances reach, there is a surrounding belt of space, wherein the stars of our universe grow thinner and yet more thin, dying slowly out, like the scattered trees on the verge of some vast forest. And beyond those scattered border-stars is a mighty and dark void. But beyond the void other universes surely lie; not *our* universe, but brother universes to ours; perhaps greater in extent than the one in which our lot is cast. Whether the faintest gleam of light ever travels to us from those starry systems is a question which cannot be answered, because it depends upon other questions which still remain unsolved; but that they actually exist we can hardly doubt. All astronomical analogies point in that direction. Beyond granting their probable existence, however, we know positively nothing about those outer systems of stars. We have enough to do in trying to explore our own.

The universe—our universe—the one starry system of which we can know anything definite, is composed of our sun with his attendant worlds; and of all the stars visible to us in the sky, whether seen by the naked eye or through telescopes, together with their attendant worlds; and of most if not all

of the star-clusters and nebulae scattered among the stars.

"How far off are the stars?" asks somebody of an inquiring mind; and he is perhaps told in answer that such a star is so many thousands of millions of miles away, that such another is so many billions of miles away, that yet another is so many hundreds of billions of miles away. And very likely he shakes his head over the information, feeling that all three figures are alike to him. Millions are millions, and billions are billions; but the idea conveyed by both expressions, as applied to measurement of distance, is simply one of enormous extent. Millions and billions are much the same in one's imagination. If we wish to form any definite notion as to the extent of our starry system, it is best to begin with objects nearer at hand, and to widen the distance gradually in thought to those objects which lie farther off.

In all the heavens, with the exception of passing meteors or meteorites, not one body occupies a position closer to earth than the moon, which is some two hundred and forty thousand miles away. Very far, of course, side by side with any earthly distances, but a mere fraction side by side with other astronomical distances. Next to the moon our nearest occasional neighbor is Venus, and then Mars. Both Venus and Mars, however, are often farther away from us than the sun, which remains always at somewhere about the same distance, roughly at from ninety to ninety-three millions of miles. This dividing space between sun and earth is of great importance in thinking about the stars, and it should be clearly impressed upon the mind. Next to the sun, in point of nearness, come the more distant planets; Jupiter, which is about five times as far from the sun as our earth is; Saturn, nearly twice as far as Jupiter; Uranus, nearly twice as far as Saturn; and Neptune, nearly three times as far as Saturn. All these planets belong to our sun, all are members of his family, all are part of the solar system. The size of the solar system as a whole, consisting thus of

the sun and his planets, including our earth, may be fairly well grasped by any one taking the trouble to master two simple facts. They are these—that our earth is roughly about ninety-two millions of miles away from the sun, and that Neptune, the outermost planet of the solar system, is nearly thirty times as far distant from the sun as our earth is.

Despite the actual greatness of the Solar System, as expressed in miles, it may be looked upon as something very small indeed, compared with the vastness, the immensity, of the Stellar System—that "universe" of which our entire solar system forms but one insignificant spot. To gain any true idea of the universe, it has been needful to begin with our sun's system; and a small beginning it is. Small in one sense. Our earth's diameter, eight thousand miles, is large if compared with the distance which divides London from St. Petersburg, but it is a trifle compared with the gap which separates our earth from the moon. And the space between earth and sun, though vast if compared with that which divides earth from moon, is a mere *bagatelle* compared with the abyss which intervenes between our solar system and the nearest star.

Some people find a curious difficulty in mentally distinguishing between stars and planets. Again and again they hear that stars are suns, and that planets are worlds, that a sun is not a world, and that a planet is not a star; and their confusion of mind on the subject remains untouched. Yet the distinction is not really difficult to grasp, and to see it clearly is quite essential to any understanding of the heavens. Our sun is a star, brother to all those twinkling points which lie scattered over the night-sky. Our world is not a star but a planet, sister to the few shining but non-twinkling bright bodies which appear to wander slowly among the stars. The planets belong to our solar system—all of them, without exception, that we are able to see. Other planets belonging to other stars may and doubtless do exist in countless millions

through the universe; but we have no power to detect their presence. They, like the planets which belong to our sun, shine by the reflected brightness of their particular star, not by their own intrinsic radiance; and so they cannot be seen at a very great distance. Any watcher, with eyesight and telescopes such as ours, gazing from the region of any star in the sky, outside our solar system, would see nothing whatever of the planets or the moons of our system. He might make out the sun, as a more or less dim star; he would not be able to detect Jupiter or Saturn, still less our little earth.

And it must be remembered that every single star in the whole universe lies outside our solar system, with only one exception. That exception is our sun. So by the Solar System we mean the little family or kingdom of one star, known to us as the sun; and that star is one of tens of millions of stars which all together make up the enormous Stellar System; and that stellar system is doubtless one of very many—perhaps millions—of stellar systems, all of which together make up the created universe, using that word in its older and not in its more modern sense.

It is worth while making an effort to picture to ourselves the vast extent of the starry system, in which we reside. Having gained some faint notion of the extent of the lesser solar system, which occupies a small corner of the stellar system, we must work outward from that beginning. Let us take for our unit of measurement the space which separates earth from sun; and let the ninety-two millions of miles of this distance be represented in our minds by one single inch. In proportion, the sun himself must be pictured by a tiny ball, less than one-hundredth of an inch in diameter; while our earth must be a mere speck, less than one-ten-thousandth of an inch in diameter. And this little sun and this minute earth must be just one inch asunder.

Following out the same idea, Mercury and Venus, being closer to the sun than we are, have to be less than one inch away from him; while Jupiter will be

five inches off, Saturn will be ten inches off, Uranus will be over nineteen inches off, Neptune will be almost thirty inches off. Then the solar system as a whole, leaving only out of the question certain comets which travel farther, will be enclosed in a circle, less than *two yards in diameter*.

The question arises next—what will be the proportionate size of the stellar system on this same scale of measurement? If the solar system is to be comprised with a hoop, not two yards across, how wide a space should we allow to the surrounding system of stars, “our universe?” How near will be the nearest of outlying stars? And the answer is sufficiently startling. If the sun is reckoned to be one inch away from our earth, if Neptune is reckoned to be less than three feet away from the sun; then, on the same scale, the star which lies closest of all outer stars in the whole universe to us, Alpha Centauri by name, must be reckoned as lying at a distance of about *three and a half miles!* And between the two—nothing! At least, nothing in the shape of a star. An occasional comet may lag slowly along in the darkness, finding its way from one sun-system to another; and dark bodies, cooled suns, may possibly float here or there unseen by us; but of stars, radiant with heat and light, none are found in that wide area.

Astronomical writers sometimes talk of stars “in the vicinity” of the sun; and this is what is meant by “vicinity.” Think of the distances implied. Our whole solar system is first brought down into a small circle, two yards across—every inch in those yards standing for more than ninety millions of miles—and then, on every side and above and below, is an encompassing void of three and a half miles; every inch of those miles again representing more than ninety millions of miles. And then we come upon one gleaming star! Only one quite so near. Another star in the sun’s “vicinity,” known as 61 Cygni, would lie at a distance of seven miles; and the brilliant Sirius would be over ten miles off. Others must be placed



at distances of twenty miles, fifty miles, one hundred miles. It is easy to start with a list of these figures; it is not easy to say where one should stop. That the starry system has limits we do not doubt; but to define those limits is not possible. On such a scale as is given above, those limits certainly would not lie within a distance of one hundred miles, nor of one thousand miles. It is believed that some dim stars, barely to be detected, may be ten thousand times as far away as our sun's nearest neighbor, Alpha Centauri; and this at once gives, even on our very much reduced scale, a line from the centre of thirty-five thousand miles. Suppose that the limits of the stellar system lay somewhere about there. Thirty-five thousand miles each way from the centre would mean a diameter for the whole of seventy thousand miles. Imagine a starry system, seventy thousand miles across from side to side; each inch in those miles representing ninety-two millions of real miles; and somewhere in the midst of it our small solar system, just two yards across, separated from all other stars by a wide blank of three or four miles!

That would be stupendous enough. But we have no reason whatever for supposing that the limits of our universe do lie there. The true boundaries of the stellar system may be twice as far, four times as far, ten times as far. We do not even know with certainty that our solar system is placed anywhere near its centre, though this seems rather likely. Far off as the boundary reaches in one direction, it may reach much farther in another direction.

An illustration very commonly used, to convey some idea of star distances, is that of the passage of light; and an allusion to it here may tend to enforce the illustration already used. A ray of light travels at the rate of about one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles in one second. Light coming from the sun reaches us in less than nine minutes; and from Alpha Centauri in about four years and four months. Here again we have the wide surrounding void between our sun and all other

stars. Here again we have to remember that beyond the nearer stars are multitudes of more distant stars, and that the light from them arrives here, not in four years, but in ten years, in twenty years, in fifty or a hundred years, in a thousand or five thousand years, and so on. Here again no limit can be definitely placed. It has been roughly calculated that the whole stellar system may perhaps consist of somewhere about one hundred millions of stars; but no doubt it may equally well consist of two hundred millions. It has also been roughly calculated, or conjectured, that the light of a star on one outer verge of the system may perhaps travel across the whole breadth of the system to the opposite outer verge in the course of some thirty thousand years—each instant of those thirty thousand years, darting through one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles of space. But the length of time occupied in this journey might equally well be fifty or sixty thousand years.

The entire universe must, one would think, be a marvellous tangle of star-beams; all these millions of suns sending forth each moment all their millions of light-rays; and all those rays, once started, travelling onward and onward in a direct line to the utmost extent of the system—how much farther still who shall say?—unless stopped in mid-career. But although the rays are there in a sense, they are not visible as light, except when they strike upon and are checked by some object in their path. Space itself, through which these rays are hastening, may be said to be dark. The light is hidden till the beams are captured.

Another curious fact in connection with this subject is the *historical* nature of starlight. What we see, when we look at the heavens, is the stars as they once were, not as they are at this moment. This is an oft-told truth, yet it can hardly be too often told, because it is not easy of realization. Suppose that you are gazing at a distant lamp as it was when the ray which now strikes your eye left it. No matter that the time between is very short; still it

exists; for light always takes time to travel. If that lamp is put out, you continue to see it for a fraction of a second after its light has ceased to be. In the matter of a lamp, the fraction of time is too small to be appreciable; but in the matter of light from the stars, matters are widely different.

Here is a ray of sunlight resting on your face. That ray tells you of the state of the sun close upon nine minutes ago. It brings you a picture of the sun, as the sun was then. It does not tell you of the condition of the sun now, at this instant.

Look at bright Sirius, shining and twinkling in the sky. The ray of light that impinges on your eyeball tells you what Sirius was like, more than ten years ago. It is quite conceivable that Sirius may no longer be exactly like that. Within the last six months Sirius *might* have undergone a collision with some other star, and might have blazed up in consequence with a tenfold splendor. Not at all likely, of course; but not among events utterly impossible. If things were so, the news would come to you, brought by star-beams travelling from Sirius—not to-morrow, or next year, but somewhere about ten years or more hence. From now till then all rays coming in from Sirius would have started before the collision took place, and so they would be able to say nothing about it. Speaking in human language, they would not know anything of that collision.

Or look through a telescope at some tiny star, invisible to the naked eye. The light from that star perhaps left its surface before the time of William the Conqueror. It may be—it is not quite impossible—that the tiny star has since those days actually left off shining; but still we see it in our sky, because the rays which started while it yet shone are arriving moment by moment, telling us the story of what the star was like, hundreds of years ago, before it parted with its brightness.

Perhaps again we are examining through a large telescope a faint and far-off nebula; a mass of whirling

gases, the light of which has taken, say, ten thousand years to get here. We see what the nebula was like in prehistoric ages. It may since then have lessened in size and changed in shape. It may now wear a very different aspect; and men looking from earth, ten thousand years hence, will be able to see what that nebula was like in our days. All these things help us to understand what the immensity of the stellar system is—and yet more, to imagine dimly what the measureless extent of all creation must be, if many such star-systems float side by side throughout the vast domains of space.

One other fact must not be lost sight of; and this is, the rapid and incessant motion of all the stars. Our starry system is no fixed and rigid mass. We talk indeed of "fixed stars," and our ancestors believed in them; but we now know better. The constellations keep their respective shapes through ages, yet such a phenomenon as an immovable star is not found in the universe. Not a star in the heavens remains ever for two consecutive seconds in the same place. Every distant sun is on the steady rush toward some goal; and each sun carries with him, wherever he goes, all his attendant worlds and satellites.

Our sun is speeding through space at the rate of many hundreds of thousands of miles each day; nevertheless, the enormous distance which separates us from the nearest star is not apparently thereby diminished. That is to say, we cannot see, we cannot take cognizance of, the diminishment. So wide and vast is the dividing chasm, that if our sun were to continue steadily onward at his present rate, and if the motion were straight towards Alpha Centauri, and if Alpha Centauri remained for ages where he is, we should not approach the actual neighborhood of that star in less than one hundred and fifty thousand years.

And with other stars it is the same. They, too, are hastening onward, this way and that way. Most of them are doubtless held in and controlled by the

whole mass of their companion-stars, each exerting a measure of attractive power over all the rest. Some few stars are known to be whirling along at speeds so terrific, that it has been seriously questioned whether all the stars in the stellar system can possibly hold them in—whether they are not mere passing visitants from some other starry system or universe, coming out from the black vista on one side, passing through our midst during a few millions of years of journeying, then plunging into the dark vista on the other side, never to return.

Things may be so. We know little about the matter; and until we can at least roughly number the stars of which our stellar system is formed, we cannot possibly calculate the power of control which they unitedly possess over any individual in their midst. If things were so, it would be, on a much vaster scale, somewhat analogous to the visitations of strange comets, often known in our solar system—comets coming from other sun-systems, passing among the planets, then rushing off in a new direction. We are a great deal more at home in affairs of the solar system than in those of the stellar system.

These wondrous "far distances" of the universe, using the word in either its narrower or its wider sense, bring a sense of oppression and of bewilderment. Not miles upon miles, but millions of miles upon millions of miles are heaped together, till the brain refuses to accept the offered load. But, while it is not possible to picture to ourselves the reality of those immeasurable wastes, amid which distant stars at wide intervals are found to float, it is possible, by some such method as is offered above, to gain a notion of the comparative proportions of the world we live in, of the smaller system to which our world belongs, of the vaster system of which that little system forms a part, and of the stupendous universe of all creation, throughout which stars and star-systems innumerable are scattered like fine gold-dust by the hand of the Divine Creator.

From The Spectator.

THOMAS HUGHES.

Although Mr. Hughes—"Tom Hughes" as he was called wherever the English language is spoken—had passed the allotted span of human life, the news of his death will come with a shock on all who knew him. It was so impossible to think of him as an old man, or as a man not full of breezy vigor, alike in his physique and in his brain. From early manhood, all through a career marked often by storm and stress, and sometimes by misfortune, he had been the same, a man full of strength and "go," whose presence was an encouragement, whose courage was always there, whose spirit—we do not say spirits—never flagged, who found in his view of this world and the next a source of hope and cheerfulness which was inexhaustible. It was as impossible to be with him in a room for five minutes without feeling exhilarated and strengthened as to be on a hillside in summer without feeling the blood course more easily through the veins. Though he was a serious man at bottom, one never thought of death in connection with him any more than one did of unhappiness, though he had in his temperament a melancholy vein. He raised somehow the spirits of those to whom he spoke, gave them encouragement, made them feel the influence of a true English out-of-door refreshing nature. He was not, we think, an optimist in opinion, rather he had many apprehensions, especially of late years, as to the progress of the world, but yet as he talked something in his bearing, in his view of individual men, in his conception of the ways of Providence—for he was a man with a living faith—made your own apprehensions less, fill, as he left you, you felt the air was lighter and the clouds upon the move. People speak of him as if he were the author of one book, "Tom Brown's Schooldays," and no doubt that was a remarkable performance. It is still, after forty years, the only picture of school life in which schoolboys believe, and probably no schoolboy ever read it

without becoming in some measure at once a more reflective and a manlier lad. Moreover, it can hardly be doubted that his picture of Dr. Arnold helped exceedingly in developing the general appreciation of that great figure, and therefore in creating all over the English-speaking world the ideal of the schoolmaster, of the man, that is, who moulds, so far as any one is ever moulded—which is not a great way—the next generation of the directing class. "Tom Brown's Schooldays" is full of life and of characters so vividly portrayed, that we have always doubted whether its author did not miss his true literary vocation, and whether he could not, with his wide knowledge alike of nature and of men, have surpassed his friend Charles Kingsley, and perhaps rivalled Scott, as a novelist of adventure. But he was not, even as *littérateur*, a man of one book. Nothing that he wrote ever had the same success, but he wrote frequently, and we know nothing of his which is below his reputation, or which lacks the impress of his fine judgment and his vivacious righteousness,—especially when any oppression moved him to moral wrath, or any lofty trait of character stirred his abundant appreciation. Even the letters published in our own columns under the signature of "Vacuus Viator," which were, of course, tossed off without premeditation in the leisure moments of his holidays, are full of passages brimming over with insight and humor, and occasionally with descriptive power. Mr. Hughes was not, however, essentially a *littérateur* at all. By temperament he was a man of action, always at work, organizing and teaching at the Working Men's College, starting and helping to guide co-operative societies—we have heard that he was connected first and last with eighteen—organizing and commanding a regiment of volunteers, or trying to found a new colony for middle-class Englishmen in the unoccupied spaces of Tennessee. That colony created quite an excitement among professional men and small squires, and

produced, among other things, an avalanche of applications which almost dismayed Mr. Hughes, though he knew England, and revealed unsuspected depths of trouble in apparently prosperous British households. He did not succeed in all his business undertakings. He had rather too hearty an antipathy, we fancy, for what he called "slave driving," which in business is often the equivalent of discipline, and he always believed in men a little too readily, especially if they wanted any service of him,—to ask anything of Tom Hughes was to make him think better of you at once, sometimes, indeed, much too well—while he always maintained an ideal which was just a trifle too high for his collaborators. He was always, for instance, bullying his co-operative societies for not sharing profits freely enough with those whom they employed or with whom they dealt, and so far as we know, though he never became unpopular, he never carried a vote. For the same reasons he made no figure in Parliament, though he was always listened to with sympathy, and though there, as everywhere else that the current of his life carried him, the charm of his character and its rousing effect was immediately acknowledged.

Throughout life, indeed, Mr. Hughes was the living embodiment of the ideas of that group, which was called by outsiders now the "Christian Socialists," now the "Muscular Christians," and again the "Mauricians," and which effected less directly, and perhaps more indirectly, than any group of our time. They did not construct a church, still less found a sect, or even an association; but they dispersed a vapor which had in the forties, when Evangelicalism was just spending its last strength, begun to settle upon Christian life in England. A notion had begun to spread that life, to be Christian, should not only be serious but sedentary, not only meditative at times and seasons, but kept apart from the rougher work of the world, unless indeed—and the exception greatly increased the revolt against

the doctrine—the business was money-making, which was termed “enlarging one’s means of usefulness.” The Muscular Christians rebelled at these ideas with a stir and stramash audible to all men, and though they were denounced, argued with, ridiculed, and reprov’d, they succeeded in dispersing that fog. They honored soldiers. They worshipped explorers. They forgave sportsmen. They defended all who did the rough work of the world even when they had to do it roughly, and taught once more the old creed that Christianity was intended to purify the world, not to arrest its course, that manliness was one of the foundations of virtue, and that a man who shrunk from his duties in the name of Christ would assuredly be rejected by his master. With T. Hughes and Charles Kingsley and J. M. Ludlow, and many another, to express their thoughts, they soon caught the public ear, and though, as we have said, they founded no school, and for themselves assumed no distinctive name, the impression they made and the change they wrought was deep and lasting. They not only arrested a tendency towards effeminacy which probably would in any case have been evanescent, but they brought back to Christianity entire classes, and especially a large class of English gentlemen, who in their disgust at tendencies wholly alien to their temperaments, had begun to think whether a little infusion of “manly heathenism” would not be good for the community. They maintained that piety and joyousness were not inconsistent, that David with his over-vigorous life was a better man than Saul with his melancholia, that the life of the sea and the field and the mine was as good as the life of the parsonage, that there was other Christian work than preaching in season and out of season, that, in short, it

was possible to lead the life of an average English gentleman or workman and be a good Christian too. Some of them went too far in their recoil, as appeared when the controversy over Governor Eyre divided all England; but in the main their ideas acted as a brisk breeze acts upon a sultry day, clearing away the haze, restoring health to the sickly and vigor to the exhausted. Of this movement Hughes was not the soul, for F. D. Maurice, with his saintliness and his sense, must be called that; but he was in a way its life-blood,—he so visibly lived the whole doctrine, lived it heartily and enjoyingly long after the force of the movement had spent itself from the absence of resistance. It had suited his inner nature, all his convictions, all his inherited prejudices, all his ideas of the work he wanted to do in the world, and he loved it heartily. Perhaps, knowing the good effect that had been produced, he exaggerated latterly the danger of the world slipping back into that particular rut, and acquired, as he once said of himself, too much “tolerance for the intolerable,” if only it was strong and manly; but that, and a certain impulsiveness as of a bright schoolboy, were the only foibles his friends—and he had many of characters far removed from his own—ever detected in a nature which from first to last was full of simplicity and sweetness and wholesomeness as of the country-side. It was, in fact, a rather perverse destiny which compelled Mr. Hughes to live mainly in cities. He was so essentially the English squire, made gentle by cultivation, tolerant by incessant intercourse with many varieties of men, and pure by a certain grace of God, which no one ever talked intimately with him without perceiving.



